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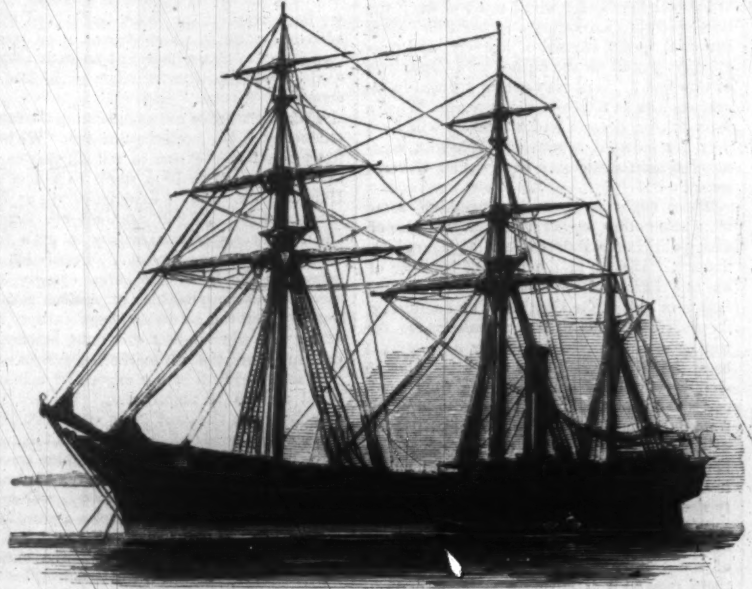


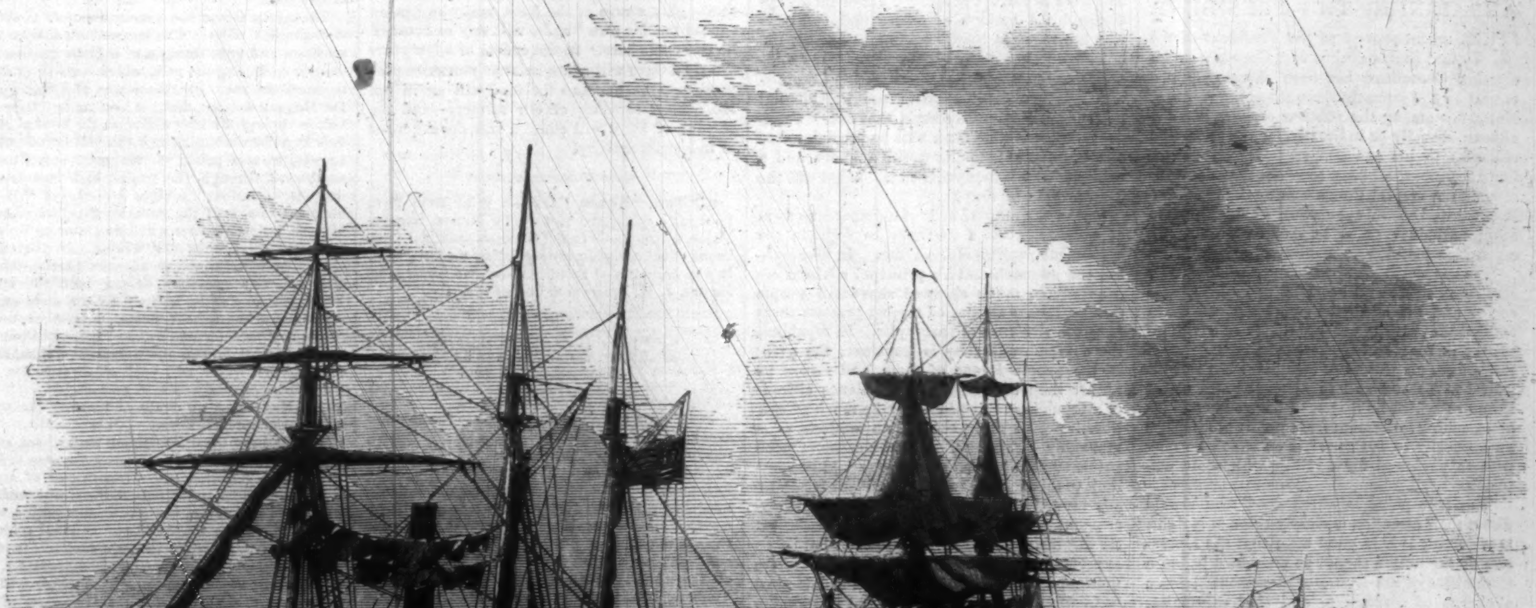
THE STEAMER "MARQUIS DE LA HABANA."—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS.]

THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMERS.

WE give herewith pictures of the captured Mexican steamers *Miramon* and *Marquis de la Habana.* The former is represented as she lies off Algiers, Louisiana, from a sketch kindly furnished by Mr. W. Graham, of New Orleans; the latter, which only came up the river a week afterward, was, like her consort, kindly photographed for us by J. H. Clark, of New Orleans. The vessel lying beyond the *Miramon*, in the large picture, is the United States sloop *Preble*, and further in the distance is a revenue cutter. The following description of the *Miramon* is from the New Orleans papers:

"She was Commodore Marin's flag-ship, and consequently fitted up with more of an eye to comfort and elegance than her consort, the *Marques de la Habana.* Her cabin, in particular, is very neatly and tastefully arranged.

"Outside the *Miramon's* cabin, however, things look very different. The gun-deck, upper works, rigging, and all, give evidence of the hot engagement she has been in. The marks of cannon-balls, Minié balls, mus-



THE CAPTURED MEXICAN STEAMER "MIRAMON," WITH THE U. S. SLOOP "PREBLE," LYING OFF ALGIERS, LA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. CLARK, ESQ., OF NEW ORLEANS AND A SKETCH BY W. GRAHAM, ESQ.]

et balls, and shell explosions, are every where to be seen. Among the most noticeable is the mark of a cannon-shot on a large mounted iron piece in the centre of the vessel. It is particularly curious in this, that the iron has the appearance of being melted rather than indented. The smoke stack also, curious enough, has a clean cannon-shot through it. The wheel and wheel-house, compass, ventilator, etc., are completely smashed up, while the sides of the steamer are riddled in every direction, and the rigging very badly cut up.

"The *Miramon* received three broadsides from the *Saratoga*, besides an innumerable number of rifle-shots from the *Indianola* during the engagement, and it is surprising that the loss of life, in any case great, was not even greater. Every thing bears witness to the bravery and determined resistance of her commander. He yielded, however, very gracefully to adverse fortune. Retiring at once to his cabin, he divested himself of every portion of his uniform except a richly tasseled commodore's scarf, and attired himself in a plain but elegant suit of black, which he has worn ever since.

"The *Miramon*, like the *Habana*, has not yet broken cargo. Her magazine, indeed, is sealed up precisely as it was when she left Havana, and the key to the same still hangs where it was found in the cabin. Nor has the parchment scroll, containing a list of its contents, been unrolled. It is certain, however, that the steamer has a large quantity of powder on board, and probably shot, shell, and other munitions of war in abundance.

"Also were found in the *Miramon's* cabin a list of her officers, her flag, papers, log-book, etc., containing a complete record from the date of her departure from Havana to the hour of her capture, signed in each case by the officer of the day; also, a large quantity of hat bands bearing the name of General Miramon.

"The *Miramon* is a handsome modeled steamer of about 600 tons burden. She was built at Greenock, Scotland, as indicated by her engines, and is probably five or six years old. Her history before she came into the possession of the Cuban Government as a mail boat is not known. Nor indeed is any thing positively known of her recent transfer to the agent of Miramon's Government. We have only a rumor that her purchase money was somewhere between $50,000 and $60,000, and that it was transmitted to Havana through the French Consulate at Vera Cruz."

The New Orleans *Delta*, in speaking of the *Marques de Habana*, captured at Vera Cruz, says: "There was but one single mark of the broadside of the *Saratoga* noticeable on the *Marques*—a thirty-two pound ball had entered her bulwarks about midships, on the starboard, and passed through the larboard side, making a round, clear hole, as if it had been cut with a circular saw. In its passage this ball carried off both legs of an unfortunate American, who, in an evil hour, doubtless under the pressure of some desperate stress of fortune, had enlisted in Marin's enterprise. It is remarkable that he was the only person on the *Marques* who was killed, and he was the only American in her crew. The name of this unfortunate man was not known to any on board."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

ARRAIGNING THE PRESIDENT.

THE recent protest of the President of the United States against Mr. Covode's Investigating Committee has been thoroughly discussed by the journals throughout the country. Not a few among the number censure Mr. Buchanan, directly or indirectly, for the reiterated allusions to his age and services. But, with few exceptions, all seem to admit that the want of common respect shown him by the House of Representatives in appointing a Committee to inquire whether or no he had been guilty of corruption justified an emphatic protest.

It is not worth while to inquire whether Mr. Buchanan's repeated remarks upon his public career and his advanced years are strictly in accordance with good taste. 'Tis a trifling matter at best, and if the President's political rivals have no ground of complaint but this his record will stand well in history. His career is one of which he may well be proud, and his approaching retirement from public life imparts an authority to his counsels on which he may well be pardoned for dwelling with some emphasis:

The true point to which good men should direct their attention is simply this: is it right, is it decent, is it in good taste that the Executive of the nation should be arraigned before a Committee of the House of Representatives on a charge of corruption, and that calumnies, coined by disappointed politicians, should be published far and wide in the form of a public document, and at the national expense?

The charge in this case is, in plain words, that the public patronage of the Government has been distributed among its supporters, and not among its opponents. That charge is well founded and true. Ever since the time of Jackson it has always been so. That the system is wrong in principle, and that it would be a great thing for the country to alter it altogether, we freely admit. But it was established twenty years before Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, and he has but carried it out after the example of his predecessors. He has displaced and appointed postmasters, collectors of customs, United States marshals, and other Government officials in accordance with the well understood principles which have ruled the Government for nearly a quarter of a century, which principles may be briefly summed up in the axiom that, where a friend and an enemy are competitors for an office or a contract, the preference, all other things being equal, should be given to the friend. We repeat that we do not like the system. It would be far better for the Government to choose its servants on the ground of fitness alone, regardless of their political services or their party claims. But the present method having been in use for over twenty years, and having been rigorously carried out by seven Presidents before Mr. Buchanan, it is monstrous to impute it to him as a crime that he followed their example.

Independently of this, however, there is an impropriety in the investigation which is now being conducted by Mr. Covode and his friends which can not fail to strike every person with ordinary notions of decency. If we are a civilized nation, we owe some sort of respect to the man we have raised to the office of Chief Magistrate. Insults leveled against him are outrages upon the whole people. Until he commits offenses which justify his impeachment in the manner provided by the Constitution, he is entitled to some respect, to some immunity from the coarse vituperation and brutal calumnies which are the lot of the aspiring politician. What weight can we expect his remonstrances and his representations to carry with foreign powers, if we set the example of showing him up as a rogue and an agent of corruption? What will the foreign world think of us, if the man whom we have chosen as our Chief Magistrate is openly accused of knavery, and constructively tried for the offense by a Committee of Congress? Will they not be justified in regarding him as a type of the nation? What a feast foreign despots and aristocrats will have over the indecent spectacle! What an argument against democracy and popular Government!

There ought surely to be something, some man, some office, sacred from the low abuse of party politicians and the assaults of vulgar place-hunters. We are in the habit of boasting of our superiority to the poor half-breed races of the Southern part of the Continent, and adducing, in proof of it, our patient submission to the verdict of the majority, however distasteful it be to the minority. But if that submission be simply evinced by our abstaining from barricades and émeutes, and if it does not prevent us from doing our best to bring that majority's verdict into contempt, and to degrade the chosen head of the nation by low devices and vulgar tricks, the basis on which our boasts rest is pretty slender.

Where is the Covode system to end? Next March, perhaps, a Republican may be President of the United States, and in 1863 or 1864 there may be a Democratic majority in Congress. Does any one suppose it would be difficult for that majority to rake up scandalous tales about the distribution of the public patronage, and to make it appear that the President had tried to corrupt people? There are always disappointed seekers of offices and contracts who are ready to invent calumnies against the official who has disappointed them. If we inaugurate the practice of investigating Committees into the distribution of the Presidential patronage, it is quite certain that every President from this time forth will be proclaimed to this country and to the world a knave and a rogue before his four years end. What will the country gain by that?

One of the natural evils of a democratic form of government is a tendency to degrade the highest magistrates of the State. In monarchies, the monarch and his principal advisers are generally so much elevated above the people that an innate feeling of respect protects them from the virulence of party spite. In republics, the supreme authority is transient; the agent of the people is one of them, and *per se* no higher than his constituents. Hence citizens of a republic are disposed to take much greater liberties with their chief than subjects of a monarchy with theirs. But the cause of good government requires that there should be some limit to this license. If the President is habitually treated by co-ordinate branches of the Government as a rascal who deserves punishment for disgraceful misdemeanors, it can hardly be expected that his administration will receive that aid from the people without which it must be inefficient. Nor can it be hoped that foreign powers will pay to our Chief Magistrate a respect which is denied him by the most authoritative body in his own country. On the contrary, investigating committees like Mr. Covode's must inevitably tend to bring the national Executive into contempt abroad and at home, and to weaken the hands of Government for all useful purposes.

The Republican majority in Congress are not acting judiciously. They have reported a tariff bill which no one ever expects to pass, and an appropriation scheme which is a mere political trick. They have passed an impracticable statute about polygamy in Utah. They have brought forward no practical measure to soothe the bitterness of the existing troubles, or to relieve the real evils of the present régime. Their insulting arraignment of the President is a fitting climax to their other errors.

By the time these lines are read Mr. John Hickman's report from the Judiciary Committee, justifying Mr. Covode's investigation, will probably be before the public. It is well understood that it will be a powerful partisan document. Such weapons are dangerous; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be the other party's ox that will be gored.

COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS.

THE cotton crop of 1859, up to the beginning of the present month, yielded 4,000,000 of bales; if the receipts hold out, on the ratio of former crops, the total yield will be fully 4,600,000 bales, over twenty per cent. more than the greatest crop previously made. We presume we are within the mark when we say that the amount of money received by the Southern country for this great staple will not be far short of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars—three quarters of which will come from abroad.

The wheat and corn crops of 1859 were good on the whole. In parts of Ohio and New York, in Northern Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, the crops were short; but the rest of the country made up for the deficiency. We presume that we are within the mark when we say that $550,000,000 worth of these staples was produced in 1859. Of this large amount, however, a very small proportion—probably not a quarter—has gone or will go abroad. The shipments of wheat and flour to Europe since the harvest of 1859 have been merely nominal. We have fed our own people at moderate cost; we have supplied the West Indies and other adjacent countries which depend upon us for cereal food; but we have had no such surplus as justified shipments to other grain-growing countries.

These facts are of use as indicating the future tendencies of our foreign commerce. We have frequently had occasion to remark that cereal food had ceased to be a staple export of the United States. Future experience will confirm the statement. It will need all our farmers and all our agricultural ability to grow food enough for our own people. Population increases so rapidly in this happy country, and there are so many articles of produce and industry which can be created here cheaper and better than abroad, that this must become, in ordinary years, the best market for our farmers. The steady growth of our exports of manufactured articles is momentous. We are now shipping from this port alone over $200,000 a week of dry goods of our own manufacture to foreign countries—besides an infinite amount of other manufactures, machinery, hardware, leatherware, etc., etc. By-and-by, when the West fills up, Illinois must become a great focus of manufacturing industry. When labor becomes cheap in that State, with the natural advantages it possesses, it will undersell Europe and even New England in dry goods and hardware. Immigration is sluggish at present, owing to the excessive rush of immigrants three and four years ago, but the check is but temporary. No German or Englishman who is thoroughly aware of the facts, and who has no capital but his own hands, will stay at home if he can come here. In the course of a few years the tidal wave will again assume enormous proportions—the demand for food will again tax the utmost capacity of our farmers—and the surplus of labor will cause a vast development of industrial activity.

☞ THE "HORSE FAIR"—a print from Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, by Messrs. Sarony, Major, & Knapp—is one of the most beautiful specimens of lithographic color printing we have seen. It has been issued to subscribers, we believe, by Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., of this city.

THE LOUNGER.

JULLIEN.

STATE STREET is gone, and so are the summer evenings at Castle Garden. The places, indeed, remain. There are still houses and a carriage-way around the Battery, and the old, round, ugly fort, upon the most conspicuous point of the city line—like a huge wen upon a man's nose—still remains. But the uses and associations which made the places poetic are gone forever. Yet, when the great city has extended itself until it has covered all the island, and even pushed on and absorbed Yonkers, it will never be surprising that State Street was so pleasant, and Castle Garden so delightful a resort. For there the bay will still be—the gleaming calms, the sparkling waves, the sails of ships going and coming to and from the whole world—the swelling heights of Staten Island—the lofty spires of Brooklyn—wind, sunshine, and moonlight—these will always remain; and many a New Yorker, as yet unborn, will half regret the days he never knew, and the pleasures he will only enjoy in fancy.

But among the traditions of Castle Garden to which he will listen delighted, none will charm him more than two—that which tells him that here Jenny Lind sang first and last in America, and that other which describes the great concerts of Jullien.

For they were great concerts, in every sense. The variety and combination of the whole orchestra, and the excellence of the individual musicians, were unrivaled; and the musical discipline, the shading of time and tone in the performance, were masterly. Jullien may have been what is called a charlatan—but he gave us such Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights as we have never had—no, not even from the Philharmonic Society, whose name shall never be spoken by the Lounger without thanks and praise. The Director's charlatanism was superficial—his love of music and reverence for the masters was genuine and profound. And who was not glad to have Beethoven made the hero of a musical gala—to see him, as it were, arrayed in festal garments, the grave master, the more majestic for the adorning? The Beethoven and Mozart and Mendelssohn nights were a kind of apotheosis—a jubilee—a triumph. They were the popular recognition and homage of the composers. And when, after leading out the exquisite andante of the Fourth Symphony—say, to the exquisite end—the Conductor sank back in his gilded chair, his white-gloved hands hanging languidly upon the arms, the black ringlets hanging, a little matted, upon his forehead; that vast and impressive white waistcoat palpitating with exhaustion and emotion; and the lace ends of the enormous cravat gently fluttering in his panting breath—he presented a visible image of the fatigue inevitably resulting from a proper rendering of so grand a composition.

Yet the performance itself was as effortless as daybreak. The extravagant figure (not unlike Mr. M'Lenan's admirably expressive sketches of the Count Fosco, in the "Woman in White") that stood upon a pedestal apparently playing with a *baton*, seemed also to control every single instrument magnetically. Now he waved, now he patted, now he raised a finger, now he depressed it; now, with both hands, he seemed to be lifting a netful of music; and now, with dreaming, wandering eyes, he had apparently floated far away upon some sweet suggestion of the theme—but in all, and through all, he was the centre, the fount, the joyous heart of the whole performance.

The music that is peculiarly associated with his name was full of broad, gay, skillful effects. In its kind it was like the painting upon the outside of the houses in Italy. It is not very beautiful painting, but it is all smiling, and festive, and agreeable. It has no particular meaning, except to increase the pleasure of the passenger by patches of bright color. So with the Jullien music. It had no substance, no pathos or significance, but it was a striking, unexpected, amusing combination of harmonious effects.

He was generous in his musical sympathy—and that is, perhaps, the rarest praise of a musician. The works of Mr. Fry and Mr. Bristow had the great advantage of illustration by his orchestra. What he could do was done for the fame of American music.

—Where be thy white gloves now? Where thy cravat-ties? Cheery, jovial, genial Director, full of talent and love of applause, prompt to please and to be pleased, thou shalt be long and kindly remembered in lands far from thy native country, by hearts that owe thee so many and many an hour of enjoyment—for kindness and amiability build a monument during life which remains after death to commemorate the builder.

NORTHING.

DR. HAYES is resolved to sail the Polar Sea—if there be a Polar Sea. The other evening, at the Historical Society's rooms, he stated with great clearness and simplicity what his plan was. It is briefly this:

The Arctic Ocean has a mean diameter of about 2500 English miles. The lands about it form the southern and outer margin of a great continuous ice belt encircling the pole, which must be crossed to reach the sea. Dr. Kane was of opinion, and Dr. Hayes coincides, that the best route to this ice belt is through Smith's Strait, at the head of Baffin's Bay, because, although the belt is somewhat broader at this point, yet the polar current sets southward through the straits, and loosens the ice. Observations convince Dr. Hayes that on the western side of the strait he will find smooth ice. The first summer will bring him up to latitude 80°. There he will winter. In the early spring he will throw out advance parties, which will establish provision dépôts upon the land. These parties will be followed by the main expedition carrying a boat mounted upon runners; "when, if such fortune awaits us, we will launch our little vessel upon the unknown waters, and, bidding God speed, will push off directly for the pole."

Dr. Hayes has no doubt of meeting the open water at about 82°.

He speaks of the difficulties in such a cool, sensible way; and indeed the frequent voyages of late years have rendered the whole matter of arctic travel so familiar to the public, that the enterprise presents itself almost entirely as a scientific voyage. To this we must add our national pride in being the first to reach the pole, and to complete the lines of arctic discovery. The funds for the expedition are now collecting. A paper will be immediately circulated for the signatures of all who wish to subscribe. The necessary sum can not be very large, and, in justice to the memory of Kane, we hope that, before many months, the question will be decided, and we shall know whether the North Pole does actually float on an iceless sea.

MACAULAY UPON JEFFERSON.

MACAULAY was a profound student of English history, a rhetorical and picturesque writer, a scholar of unusual erudition and retentive and available memory. In no sense was he a great man, but in many ways admirably accomplished. He was not a thinker nor an actor. He was not a scholar like Milton; nor a historian like Thucydides. Emerson says that Macaulay's "good" is good to eat. That is to say, he takes the low, obvious, material view of all questions.

Yet he had great tact, and never showed himself but in complete armor. At the dinner-table he made Sydney Smith jealous. In Parliament, the orators who could surpass him in mere speaking felt the masterly power of his preparation and method. In writing reviews, which were really monographs, he skimmed along the average popular sentiment, putting the thoughts of commonplace minds in such elaborated declamatory phrase that they looked new. But it was only the familiar old copper lightly plated.

In writing the history of England he reached

the same result of success and approbation by appealing to the spirit of partisanship, and by describing the details which are always picturesque when they are distant. He had the good sense, which is known as British sense, and "no humbug." He held that politics were simply matters of expediency; and does not seem to have admitted that there are certain fundamental principles which are to be worked out in human affairs, by the means of various expedients, certainly, but with ulterior purposes, entirely independent of them. He was of that class who think that it is right to tack the ship, now this way and now that; who understand precisely how to do it, what to handle, and when to touch it. They think the tacking is the thing. But it is not. The progressive voyage is the thing, and the ship bears away to the right and to the left in order that it may reach a point directly ahead. Thus his history reads like the memoir of a party, not like a philosophical and poetic picture and analysis of human development and the progress of society under certain conditions. There is something more pitiful than a visionary; and that is, a man who has no vision.

These things appear plainly enough in his letter upon Jefferson to Mr. Henry S. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson. It is certainly amusing to read it, and it is no less instructive. There can be no doubt of the exquisite humor of Macaulay's saying of Jefferson: "I readily admit that his intentions were good, and his abilities considerable." And there is no man so dull that he does not perceive the secret of Macaulay's political philosophy, when he says of France in the year 1857, under Louis Napoleon, "Liberty is gone; but civilization has been saved."

Macaulay's general theory of our system is that "your Constitution is all sail and no anchor." That is, he believes that so long as the popular breath blows fair, all is well; but when it is foul, there is nothing to prevent its driving the ship upon the breakers. To intrust the Government to the majority, he says, is to abandon it to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. Consequently when, having spread over the continent, this country is as thickly peopled as the old countries, there will be the same fluctuations of trade—the mass will have only half a breakfast, and, being the Government, it will divide all the riches among all the people, thus eating up the seed-corn, and the next year the nation will die of famine or lapse into barbarism.

That is his horoscope for America. Institutions purely democratic, he thinks, must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

The fatal defect of his statement and argument is that they assume men to be always the same; whereas the very Jeffersonian problem is just this: Since what you say has been invariably true of men under the various systems of despotism that have prevailed in historical times and countries, can we not avoid the result by bringing the whole moral nature of man to co-operate with the material? In other words, since the system of absolute selfishness—a system in which the many have been sacrificed to the few—has failed to perpetuate nations hitherto, does not the hope of the race lie in the system which asserts and practices justice and humanity, and thereby tends to prevent the very conflict you anticipate?

Macaulay's whole statement is based upon European and ancient history, and yet the sources of the atrocities of the French Revolution are to be sought in the palaces of the Bourbon Kings, not in the National Assembly. Louis Fourteenth was the seed of Robespierre. It is not fluctuations of trade—it is the tyranny which grows out of a want of humanity which destroys liberty and civilization. Your government of "an educated class, of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order," is inevitably overpowered by the mass whenever they have had a week or a month of half breakfasts—and that mass, instead of being enlightened and susceptible of sensible reasoning, is a dull brute force, and made so by the very system you applaud.

The government of a single man would be the best government possible, if the man were perfect. Undoubtedly a theocracy is the ideal system, and the government of the few best men might be a good government. But who are they? How are you to find them? And when you have found them, how are you to prevent their brains being turned by the power which scarcely any human being has ever been found steady enough to administer justly?

The letter of Macaulay's is published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and is well worth attention.

UNDER CHLOROFORM.

UNTIL the last three or four hundred years amputation of a limb was very rarely performed except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify; and then few surgeons ventured to make incisions in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from the larger arteries divided by the knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see), it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any surgical writer from Hippocrates, 400 B.C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently the numerous instances of injury and disease in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, seared and charred by the horrible contact, might contract or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, eleventh century). Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hemorrhage sooner or later took place. Yet this plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the sixteenth century, and was practiced even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641), although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another fashion, the surgeon, after making a tedious division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, relied on applications of red-hot irons, or of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, a vessel of boiling pitch was at hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient rarely escaped with life; either he died from loss of blood in a few hours or less, or, if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulico (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so tightly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive mass. Another surgeon, Botalli (1560), invented a machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at this period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

It is to Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries in amputation. He discarded the use of the red-hot cautery, and of all the frightful adjuncts already described; and accomplished his purpose by carrying the thread round the vessel by means of a needle passed through the soft parts adjacent—a method of adjustment which, although still in use, is now employed only in exceptional instances. Richard Wiseman, sometimes styled the father of English surgery, who practiced about the middle of the seventeenth century, is believed to have been the first to employ the ligature in England, and to relinquish the application of heated irons. At this era also, the circulation of the blood was discovered by the renowned Harvey, and the distinction between arteries and veins being thenceforth clearly understood, the value of the ligature was rendered more than ever obvious.

But enough of this: let us soothe our ruffled nerves by seeing how the thing is done to-day. We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at 2 o'clock P.M., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among them, and so the time passes all the quicker for the rest. The clock has not long struck two when the folding-doors open, and in walk two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers and a few professional lookers-on—the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lowest and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and lint are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deputes one assistant to "take the flaps," another to hold the limb, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges. This done, and while the patient is inhaling chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the now hushed and listening auditory a brief history of the circumstances which led to an incurable disease of the left knee-joint, and the reasons why he decides on the operation about to be performed. He has scarcely closed when the unconscious patient is brought in by a couple of sturdy porters and laid upon the operating-table, a small, but strong and steady erection, four feet long by two feet wide, which stands in the centre of the area. The left being the doomed leg, the right is fastened by a bandage to one of the supports of the table, so as to be out of harm's way; while the dresser who has special charge of the case is seated on a low stool at the foot of the table, and supports the left. The surgeon who assists encircles the upper part of the thigh with the tourniquet, placing its pad over the femoral artery, the chief vessel which supplies the limb with blood, and prepares to screw up the instrument, thus to make sure that no considerable amount of the vital fluid can be lost. The operator, standing on the left side of the corresponding leg, and holding in his right hand a narrow, straight knife, of which the blade is at least ten inches long and looks marvelously bright and sharp, directs his eye to him who gives the chloroform, and awaits the signal that the patient has become perfectly insensible. All is silence profound: every assistant stands in his place, which is carefully arranged so as not to intercept the view of those around.

The words "quite ready" are no sooner whispered than the operator, grasping firmly with his left hand the flesh which forms the front part of the patient's thigh, thrusts quietly and deliberately the sharp blade horizontally through the limb, from its outer to its inner side, so that the thigh is transfixed a little above its central axis, and in front of the bone. He next cuts directly downward, in the plane of the limb, for about four inches, and then obliquely outward, so as to form a flap, which is seized and turned upward out of the way by the appointed assistant. A similar transfixion is again made, commencing at the same spot, but the knife is this time carried behind the bone; a similar incision follows, and another flap is formed and held away as before. Lastly, with a rapid circular sweep round the bone he divides all left uncut; and handing the knife to an assistant, who takes it and gives a saw in return, the operator divides the bone with a few workmanlike strokes, and the limb is severed from the body. A rustling sound of general movement and deeper breathing is heard among the lookers-on, who have followed with straining and critical eyes every act which has contributed to the accomplishment of the task; and some one of the younger students is heard to whisper to his neighbor, "Five-and-thirty seconds: not bad, by Jove!"

The operator now seats himself on the stool just vacated by the dresser, who has carried away the leg, and seeks in the cut surfaces before him the end of the main artery on which to place a ligature. There is no flow of blood, only a little oozing, for the tourniquet holds life's current hard and fast. Only five minutes' uncontrolled flow of the current from that great artery now so perfectly compressed, and our patient's career in this world would be closed forever. How is it permanently held in check? and what have we to substitute now for the hissing, sparkling, and sputtering iron and the boiling pitch? The operator takes hold of the cut end of the artery with a slender, delicately made pair of forceps, and draws it out a little, while an assistant passes round the end so drawn out a ligature of exceedingly fine whip-cord, fine but strong, and carefully ties it there with double knot, and so effectually closes the vessel. A similar process is applied to perhaps six or seven other but smaller vessels, the tourniquet is removed, and no bleeding ensues. Altogether the patient has lost little more than half a pint of blood! The flaps are placed in apposition, the bone is well covered by them, a few stitches are put through their edges, some cool wet lint is applied all around the stump, and the patient, slumbering peacefully, is carried off to a comfortable bed ready prepared in some adjacent ward. Half an hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation, when is it going to begin?" And it takes no little repetition of the assurance that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

So it is that he who loses the limb knows less about the process than any one concerned; infinitely less, my gentle reader, than you who have shared with us the quiet corner, and have seen all without losing consciousness or fainting. It was an early day in the medical session, and many new men were there; one at least was observed to become very—very pale, and then slowly disappear: no one knows how or where, for neither we in the area nor those elsewhere had leisure or care to inquire.

What might have happened to somebody else had he been witness before these blessed days of chloroform, can, in the nature of things, be only a matter for speculation. It may even be surmised by some theorist, and without hazarding a very improbable guess, that a similar catastrophe might, perhaps, under such aggravating circumstances, and at a greener age, have rendered utterly futile, on his part, any attempt to describe what modern skill and science now accomplish in cutting off the leg of a patient Under Chloroform.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Personal Advertisements.

[On the morning after a recent Grand Ball.]

IF THE OFFICER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT with sandy mustaches who upset the lobster salad over a lady, about two o'clock, will call at Stewart's, and behave like an officer and a gentleman, she will hear of something to her advantage. When you have bought the dress, show this advertisement to the young man, and he will do the rest. You need not trouble yourself further.

TO MISS EMMA.—Excuse my not coming back to dance, as agreed, but I should have lost my supper, which don't suit us Connecticut lads. I had had nothing to eat for more than an hour. Send us your address, and mother shall send you up such a jolly pie. Hope you got home safe. W. P.

TO SHINY BRAIDS (Diamond cross, pink ribbons).—Have lost my purse, and in it your address, and my heart is breaking rapid. Please send a line, only one, to Adolphus, Post-office, Brooklyn. We are most respectable, and desirous to marry. ...... Please write. A. M.

IF THE LADY who took by mistake the mosaic brooch that was sticking in a mantle will kindly return the same, she shall have her own diamond one, with many thanks. Apply at this office.

LOST, early in the Ball, the fondest and truest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a gallant fireman. The lady who was seen to possess herself of it was watched by him all the night, and is implored to communicate her address, as it was the only heart he had. Address to Young Gusher (care of *Harper's Weekly*).

SILVER THISTLE (Highlander).—If you really meant what you said, there are ways of repeating it in writing. Our names are in the *Directory*. Initial same as you *said* your Christian name was. We go out of town in July, but return afterward for the season. ELLINOR.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN, WHO MUST REMEMBER me, because he tore my dress in the polka, be so very kind as to send me my pocket-handkerchief? He may keep the flower. LAURA.

P.S.—I don't care about it, only Julia, that you wouldn't dance with, goes on so, and says she will tell Ma.

ALBERT. I can not read your horrid handwriting, but we walk in Madison Square every fine afternoon. Pretend not to know your way, but don't ask me, but Helen, and then be reminded you saw us at the ball. Talk most to her, mind. MARGARET.

A GENTLEMAN TOOK BY MISTAKE a cloak with a pocket, in which was a letter, which he read before he discovered that it was not for him. Having thereby also discovered something else, he begs through this medium to inform Miss Letitia ***** that her falsehood is known, and that she need not expect to hear again (though he hopes she will be happy) from (the once playfully called) TROTTIBUS.

FEMALE FORTIFICATIONS.—Every woman's crinoline is her castle.

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

Swift defined a "nice man" as a "man of nasty ideas." Louis Napoleon has taught us to define a "nasty policy" as a "policy of *Nice ideas*."

COUSINS' TALK.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson."

"I tell you again, you're wrong—completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—*Savoy* suggests *cabbage*.

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear Sir, Mrs. Jones vows she will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

A merchant in Burlington, having sunk his shop floor a couple of feet, announces that, in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly.

A letter from China says that the Chinese have succeeded, by the skill of their cultivation, in producing a new and delicious variety of tea. We suppose they have accomplished this by crossing their teas.

A drummer is the fastest man in the world, because time beats all men, but the drummer beats time.

The Chinese picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on his tail."

An old sailor said that he supposed that dancing girls wore their dresses at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

What is the best to prevent old maids from des-pairing?—Pairing.

"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said when caught by a dog just as he was about to climb on the orchard fence.

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair"—bad enough, is it not, good woman?

"Warm day, Jones, warm day!" said Smith, as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones; "it is *some* warm if not *summer*."

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she heard that when any body was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote and it would cure him.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend observed: "He spends his money like water." "Then, of course, he liquid-ates his debts," rejoined a wag.

The latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his life insured for a large amount and then drowned himself!

An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, "The first, madam, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third is to prevent the excessive effect of either."

A colored cook expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said: "Chloe, you must make an apology." "La, missis, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be an infallible cure for lisping: "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs's fobs. 'That's, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs's jobs and Snobbs's sobs."

A strict temperance man, whose wife had fallen down in a fit, asked the doctor, in slow and measured tones, if, on his conscience as a Christian physician, it would be in any way culpable, when a lady fell down in a fit, to put a little brandy to her lips. "The deuce take your doubts, Sir," said the doctor, in a rage; "in a case like this, one scruple of brandy is worth twenty scruples of conscience!"

"Well, I know nothing about men's hair," said old Mrs. Grimchick to an acquaintance of the scandal tribe; "but there's our friend Mrs. Davis, who has been just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years, to my knowledge. Her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event. Singular, wasn't it?" "Very!" replied the other. "Isn't there a hair-dresser's shop at the corner of the street?"

A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

A CAPITAL RETORT.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"—"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done his master; you have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a turkey from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his witty retort, saying to him—"Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, a Representative in Congress from Georgia, was born in Jasper County, in that State, on the 17th day of March, 1820. He is a son of Hardy Crawford—a member of that family so old and honorable in Georgia, where the name of Crawford has repeatedly been associated with responsible and distinguished public positions. His mother was a daughter of Lieutenant William Jenkins, an officer of the Virginia Continental Line, who settled in Georgia soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. The early education of Mr. Crawford was received under the watchful care of his father, who exacted diligence and obedience under all circumstances. Thus the boy was timely prepared for usefulness and distinction in manhood. His education, so auspiciously commenced, was completed at Mercer University, a flourishing institute in Central Georgia.

Shortly after leaving the University Mr. Crawford commenced the study of the law under the advice and counsel of Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a lawyer of distinction, and for several years a conspicuous member of the House of Representatives of the United States. The schoolmate of his father, and always his intimate friend, Mr. Foster always took a great interest in his student, whose progress was such that he was admitted to the bar just before he was twenty-one years of age. Although Mr. Crawford entered upon his profession with solid acquirements, as the result of diligent reading, and with every prospect of great success, the death of his father about that time, by which he came to the possession of a handsome fortune, disinclined him to engage actively and entirely in the law. He contented himself, therefore, with so much practice, and no more, for some years, as would secure to him at home and on the circuit the genial society and generous intercourse for which the bench and bar of Georgia are famous.

While yet a young man, Mr. Crawford was elected a member of the lower branch of the Legislature of Georgia, and he served in the session of 1845–'46 with marked success, taking a position among the most active and useful members.

With a determination to quit politics and devote his attention to the practice of the law, Mr. Crawford removed in 1848 to Columbus, where he has since resided. He was true to his purpose until 1850, when the excitement growing out of the slavery question was scarcely any—if at all—less in the South than at the present time. A disciple of the extreme Southern State Rights' School, Mr. Crawford shared in the general excitement which pervaded his section, and consented to be chosen a delegate to the celebrated Nashville Convention. He maintained in that body and before the people the duty and necessity of resistance to the Compromise Measures of 1850. Georgia, however, determined to accept the adjustment, and he acquiesced.

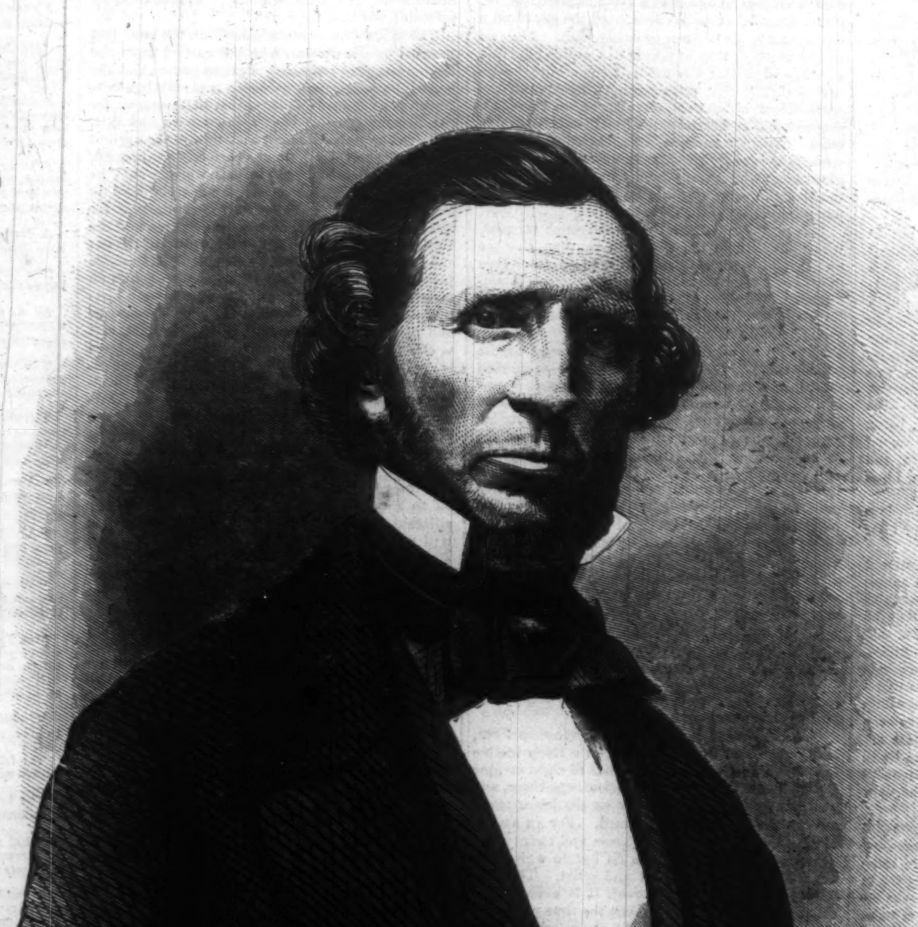
The election of Hon. Alfred Iverson to the Senate of the United States in 1853 created a vacancy on the bench for the circuit in which he resides, to which Mr. Crawford was chosen. He rose rapidly in his new field of duty. His courteous manners, united with a fine intellect, an excellent knowledge of and a firm and impartial administration of the law, eminently fitted him for the judicial office. So satisfactorily did he demean himself, that, upon his retiring from the bench, resolutions were adopted by the bar, for the first time in the history of the circuit, declaring their high appreciation of him as a man, and their full approval of his career as a judge.

In 1855 Mr. Crawford was nominated for Congress (much against his own wishes) by a Democratic Convention. The District is composed of twenty-four counties, and the canvass, which was conducted with ability on both sides, was one of great labor and great excitement. Mr. Crawford was elected over his competitor—who was regarded as one of the most sagacious leaders of the American party—by a majority of some 600 votes, and took his seat as a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress in December, 1855. He was again elected, in 1857, to the Thirty-fifth Congress, by a majority of 1600 votes, and to the seat he now holds, as a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, in 1859, by a still larger majority; thus proving that his constituents consider him a "good and faithful servant."

In Congress Mr. Crawford ranks among the ablest men in the House, and although strong in his own opinions, and sometimes heated in their advocacy, he preserves decorum in debate, and is always courteous and respectful in intercourse. His speeches on the general politics of the day, of which he has made several since he came to Congress, are among the best on the ultra-Southern side, and candidly express his views. His position on the revival of the slave-trade may be gathered from the following paragraph from his remarks in an incidental debate on that subject in the House. After stating the position of several Southern States on this question in former years, Mr. Crawford went on to remark:

"As I said before, South Carolina and other States early moved in this matter; but to-day we stand in a different position, and our opinions of slavery are different from what they were then. Then it was the custom of our private and our public men to excuse themselves for its existence among them; but 'Abolition' movements, from 1820 to this time, have caused investigation and discussion of the subject until it is stronger in the South than ever before; and although its enemies have increased, it never had so many friends as at this time. No Southern man condemns it as an evil, either moral or political; and so far from apologizing for it here now, as our Representatives did in 1820, we stand here its advocates and defenders. Moreover, we say to you of the North, who advocate the doctrines advanced both here and in another place, that if it is a war between the States and Territories for free labor or slave labor—'that all must be free or all must be slave'—you but hasten the day when, upon the plains of Arizona, and the territory south of us, even to Central America, you will find the South equal to the necessity which you have imposed upon her, and a perpetuation of slavery, which time itself can scarcely compute. The question, therefore, rests with the North. Let us alone, and we are content; if we are driven to the importation of African laborers it will be your fault, not ours."

Mr. Crawford speaks with great fluency, and is concise and forcible rather than ornate, fortifying his positions with facts and authorities, and making no attempt at display. He is of middle size, well made, with Celtic features and complexion, and keen, piercing eyes. Graceful in his gestures, and possessing a pleasant yet commanding voice, he is invariably listened to whenever he rises, and generally retains, while on the floor, the earnest attention of the House. This is, probably, because he "never speaks without having something to say;" and seldom, except to the immediate question under consideration. He was in last Congress and is still a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.



HON. MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, OF GEORGIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 5th.—I remained leaning on the window-sill for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking out absently into the black darkness, and hearing nothing except, now and then, the voices of the servants, or the distant sound of a closing door, in the lower part of the house.

Just as I was turning away wearily from the window to go back to the bedroom, and make a second attempt to complete the unfinished entry in my journal, I smelled the odor of tobacco-smoke stealing toward me on the heavy night air. The next moment I saw a tiny red spark advancing from the farther end of the house in the pitch darkness. I heard no footsteps, and I could see nothing but the spark. It traveled along in the night, passed the window at which I was standing, and stopped opposite my bedroom, inside which I had left the light burning on the dressing-table.

The spark remained stationary for a moment, then moved back again in the direction from which it had advanced. As I followed its progress I saw a second red spark, larger than the first, approaching from the distance. The two met together in the darkness. Remembering who smoked cigarettes and who smoked cigars, I inferred immediately that the Count had come out first to look and listen under my window, and that Sir Percival had afterward joined him. They must both have been walking on the lawn—or I should certainly have heard Sir Percival's heavy footfall, though the Count's soft step might have escaped me, even on the gravel walk.

I waited quietly at the window, certain that they could neither of them see me in the darkness of the room.

"What's the matter?" I heard Sir Percival say, in a low voice. "Why don't you come in and sit down?"

"I want to see the light out of that window," replied the Count, softly.

"What harm does the light do?"

"It shows she is not in bed yet. She is sharp enough to suspect something, and bold enough to come down stairs and listen, if she can get the chance. Patience, Percival—patience!"

"Humbug! You're always talking of patience."

"I shall talk of something else presently. My good friend, you are on the edge of your domestic precipice; and if I let you give the women one other chance, on my sacred word of honor they will push you over it!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"We will come to our explanations, Percival, when the light is out of that window, and when I have had one little look at the rooms on each side of the library, and a peep at the staircase as well."

They slowly moved away; and the rest of the conversation between them (which had been conducted throughout in the same low tones) ceased to be audible. It was no matter. I had heard enough to determine me on justifying the Count's opinion of my sharpness and my courage. Before the red sparks were out of sight in the darkness I had made up my mind that there should be a listener when those two men sat down to their talk, and that the listener, in spite of all the Count's precautions to the contrary, should be myself. I wanted but one motive to sanction the act to my own conscience, and to give me courage enough for performing it; and that motive I had. Laura's honor, Laura's happiness, Laura's life itself, might depend on my quick ears and my faithful memory to-night.

I had heard the Count say that he meant to examine the rooms on each side of the library, and the staircase as well, before he entered on any explanations with Sir Percival. This expression of his intentions was necessarily sufficient to inform me that the library was the room in which he proposed that the conversation should take place. The one moment of time which was long enough to bring me to that conclusion, was also the moment which showed me a means of baffling his precautions—or, in other words, of hearing what he and Sir Percival said to each other, without the risk of descending at all into the lower regions of the house.

In speaking of the rooms on the ground-floor I have mentioned incidentally the veranda outside them, on which they all opened by means of French windows, extending from the cornice to the floor. The top of this veranda was flat, the rain-water being carried off from it by pipes into tanks which helped to supply the house. On the narrow leaden roof, which ran along past the bedrooms, and which was rather less, I should think, than three feet below the sills of the windows, a row of flower-pots was ranged, with wide intervals between each pot; the whole being protected from falling, in high winds, by an ornamental iron railing along the edge of the roof.

The plan which had now occurred to me was to get out, at my sitting-room window, on to this roof, to creep along noiselessly, till I reached that part of it which was immediately over the library window, and to crouch down between the flower-pots, with my ear against the outer railing. If Sir Percival and the Count sat and smoked to-night, as I had seen them sitting and smoking many nights before, with their chairs close at the open window, and their feet stretched on the zinc garden-seats which were placed under the veranda, every word they said to each other above a whisper (and no long conversation, as we all know by experience, can be carried on *in* a whisper) must inevitably reach my ears. If, on the other hand, they chose to-night to sit far back inside the room, then the chances were that I should hear little or nothing; and in that case I must run the far more serious risk of trying to outwit them down stairs.

Strongly as I was fortified in my resolution by the desperate nature of our situation, I hoped most fervently that I might escape this last emergency. My courage was only a woman's courage after all; and it was very near to failing me when I thought of trusting myself on the ground-floor, at the dead of night, within reach of Sir Percival and the Count.

I went softly back to my bedroom, to try the safer experiment of the veranda roof first.

A complete change in my dress was imperatively necessary, for many reasons. I took off my silk gown, to begin with, because the slightest noise from it, on that still night, might have

betrayed me. I next removed the white and cumbersome parts of my underclothing, and replaced them by a petticoat of dark flannel. Over this I put my black traveling cloak, and pulled the hood on to my head. In my ordinary evening costume I took up the room of three men at least. In my present dress, when it was held close about me, no man could have passed through the narrowest spaces more easily than I. The little breadth left on the roof of the veranda, between the flower-pots on one side and the wall and windows of the house on the other, made this a serious consideration. If I knocked any thing down, if I made the least noise, who could say what the consequences might be?

I only waited to put the matches near the candle before I extinguished it, and groped my way back into the sitting-room. I locked that door, as I had locked my bedroom-door—then quietly got out of the window, and cautiously set my feet on the leaden roof of the veranda. My two rooms were at the inner extremity of the new wing of the house, in which we all lived, and I had five windows to pass before I could reach the position it was necessary to take up immediately over the library. The first window belonged to a spare room, which was empty. The second and third windows belonged to Laura's room. The fourth window belonged to Sir Percival's room. The fifth belonged to the Countess's room. The others, by which it was not necessary for me to pass, were the windows of the Count's dressing-room, of the bath-room, and of the second empty spare room.

No sound reached my ears—the black, blinding darkness of the night was all round me when I first stood on the veranda, except at that part of it which Madame Fosco's window overlooked. There, at the very place above the library to which my course was directed—there I saw a gleam of light! The Countess was not yet in bed.

It was too late to draw back; it was no time to wait. I determined to go on at all hazards, and trust for security to my own caution and to the darkness of the night. "For Laura's sake!" I thought to myself, as I took the first step forward on the roof, with one hand holding my cloak close round me, and the other groping against the wall of the house. It was better to brush close by the wall than to risk striking my feet against the flower-pots within a few inches of me on the other side.

I passed the dark window of the spare room, trying the leaden roof at each step with my foot, before I risked resting my weight on it. I passed the dark windows of Laura's room ("God bless her and keep her to-night!"). I passed the dark window of Sir Percival's room. Then I waited a moment, knelt down, with my hands to support me, and so crept to my position, under the protection of the low wall between the bottom of the lighted window and the veranda roof.

When I ventured to look up at the window itself I found that the top of it only was open, and that the blind inside was drawn down. While I was looking I saw the shadow of Madame Fosco pass across the white field of the blind, then pass slowly back again. Thus far she could not have heard me, or the shadow would surely have stopped at the blind, even if she had wanted courage enough to open the window and look out.

I placed myself sideways against the railing of the veranda, first ascertaining, by touching them, the position of the flower-pots on either side of me. There was room enough for me to sit between them, and no more. The sweet-scented leaves of the flower on my left hand just brushed my cheek as I lightly rested my head against the railing.

The first sounds that reached me from below were caused by the opening or closing (most probably the latter) of three doors in succession—the doors, no doubt, leading into the hall, and into the rooms on each side of the library, which the Count had pledged himself to examine. The first object that I saw was the red spark again traveling out into the night, from under the veranda, moving away toward my window, waiting a moment, and then returning to the place from which it had set out.

"The devil take your restlessness! When do you mean to sit down?" growled Sir Percival's voice beneath me.

"Ouf! how hot it is!" said the Count, sighing and puffing wearily.

His exclamation was followed by the scraping of the garden chairs on the tiled pavement under the veranda—the welcome sound which told me they were going to sit close at the window, as usual. So far the chance was mine. The clock in the turret struck the quarter to twelve as they settled themselves in their chairs. I heard Madame Fosco through the open window yawning, and saw her shadow pass once more across the white field of the blind.

Meanwhile Sir Percival and the Count began talking together below, now and then dropping their voices a little lower than usual, but never sinking them to a whisper. The strangeness and peril of my situation—the dread, which I could not master, of Madame Fosco's lighted window, made it difficult, almost impossible for me at first to keep my presence of mind, and to fix my attention solely on the conversation beneath. For some minutes I could only succeed in gathering the general substance of it. I understood the Count to say that the one window alight was his wife's; that the ground-floor of the house was quite clear; and that they might now speak to each other without fear of accidents. Sir Percival merely answered by upbraiding his friend with having unjustifiably slighted his wishes and neglected his interests all through the day. The Count thereupon defended himself by declaring that he had been beset by certain troubles and anxieties which had absorbed all his attention, and that the only safe time to come to an explanation was a time when they could feel quite certain of being neither interrupted nor overheard. "We are at a serious crisis in our affairs, Percival," he said; "and if we are to decide on the future at all we must decide secretly to-night."

That sentence of the Count's was the first which my attention was ready enough to master exactly as it was spoken. From this point, with certain breaks and interruptions, my whole interest fixed breathlessly on the conversation, and I followed it word for word.

"Crisis?" repeated Sir Percival. "It's a worse crisis than you think for, I can tell you!"

"So I should suppose, from your behavior for the last day or two," returned the other, coolly. "But wait a little. Before we advance to what I do *not* know, let us be quite certain of what I *do* know. Let us first see if I am right about the time that is past, before I make any proposal to you for the time that is to come."

"Stop till I get the brandy and water. Have some yourself."

"Thank you, Percival. The cold water with pleasure, a spoon, and the basin of sugar. Eau sucrée, my friend—nothing more."

"Sugar and water for a man of your age!—There! mix your sickly mess. You foreigners are all alike."

"Now, listen, Percival. I will put our position plainly before you, as I understand it; and you shall say if I am right or wrong. You and I both came back to this house from the Continent, with our affairs very seriously embarrassed—"

"Cut it short! I wanted some thousands, and you some hundreds—and without the money we were both in a fair way to go to the dogs together. There's the situation. Make what you can of it. Go on."

"Well, Percival, in your own solid English words you wanted some thousands and I wanted some hundreds, and the only way of getting them was for you to raise the money for your own necessities (with a small margin beyond for my poor little hundreds) by the help of your wife. What did I tell you about your wife on our way to England? and what did I tell you again, when we had come here, and when I had seen for myself the sort of woman Miss Halcombe was?"

"How should I know? You talked nineteen to the dozen, I suppose, just as usual."

"I said this: Human ingenuity, my friend, has hitherto only discovered two ways in which a man can manage a woman. One way is to knock her down—a method largely adopted by the brutal lower orders of the people, but utterly abhorrent to the refined and educated classes above them. The other way (much longer, much more difficult, but in the end not less certain) is never to accept a provocation at a woman's hands. It holds with animals, it holds with children, and it holds with women, who are nothing but children grown up. Quiet resolution is the one quality the animals, the children, and the women all fail in. If they can once shake this superior quality in their master, they get the better of *him*. If they can never succeed in disturbing it, he gets the better of *them*. I said to you, Remember that plain truth when you want your wife to help you to the money. I said, Remember it doubly and trebly in the presence of your wife's sister, Miss Halcombe. Have you remembered it? Not once, in all the complications that have twisted themselves about us in this house. Every provocation that your wife and her sister could offer to you you instantly accepted from them. Your mad temper lost the signature to the deed, lost the ready money, set Miss Halcombe writing to the lawyer, for the first time—"

"First time? what do you mean?"

"This. Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer for the second time to-day."

A chair fell on the pavement of the veranda—fell with a crash, as if it had been struck or kicked down. It was well for me that the Count's revelation roused Sir Percival's anger as it did. On hearing that I had been again discovered my self-control failed me at the critical moment, and I started so that the railing against which I leaned cracked again. How, in the name of Heaven, had he found me out? The letters had never left my own possession till I myself placed them in Fanny's hands at the inn.

"Thank your lucky star," I heard the Count say next, "that you have me in the house to undo the harm as fast as you do it. Thank your lucky star that I said No when you were mad enough to talk of turning the key to-day on Miss Halcombe, as you turned it, in your mischievous folly, on your wife. Where are your eyes? Can you look at Miss Halcombe and not see that she has the foresight and the resolution of a man? With that woman for my friend, I would snap these fingers of mine at the world. With that woman for my enemy, I, with all my brains and experience—I, Fosco, cunning as the devil himself, as you have told me a hundred times—I walk, in your English phrase, upon egg-shells! And this grand creature—I drink her health in my sugar and water—this grand creature, who stands in the strength of her love and her courage, firm as a rock between us two and that poor flimsy pretty blonde wife of yours—this magnificent woman, whom I admire with all my soul, though I oppose her in your interests and in mine, you drive to extremities, as if she was no sharper and no bolder than the rest of her sex. Percival! Percival! you deserve to fail, and you *have* failed."

There was a pause. I write the villain's words about myself because I mean to remember them, because I hope yet for the day when I may speak out, once for all, in his presence, and cast them back, one by one, in his teeth.

Sir Percival was the first to break the silence again.

"Yes, yes; bully and bluster as much as you like," he said, sulkily; "the difficulty about the money is not the only difficulty. You would be for taking strong measures with the woman yourself, if you knew as much as I do."

"We will come to that second difficulty all in good time," rejoined the Count. "You may confuse yourself, Percival, as much as you please, but you shall not confuse me. Let the question of the money be settled first. Have I convinced your obstinacy? have I shown you that your temper will not let you help yourself?—or must I go back and (as you put it in your dear straightforward English) bully and bluster a little more?"

"Pooh! It's easy enough to grumble at *me*. Say what is to be done—that's a little harder."

"Is it? Bah! This is what is to be done: You give up all direction in the business from to-night; and you leave it, for the future, in my hands only. I am talking to a Practical British Man—ha? Well, Practical, will that do for you?"

"What do you propose if I leave it all to you?"

"Answer me first. Is it to be in my hands or not?"

"Say it is in your hands—what then?"

"A few questions, Percival, to begin with. I must wait a little yet to let circumstances guide me; and I must know, in every possible way, what those circumstances are likely to be. There is no time to lose. I have told you already that Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer to-day for the second time."

"How did you find it out? What did she say?"

"If I told you, Percival, we should only come back at the end to where we are now. Enough that I have found out—and the finding has caused that trouble and anxiety which made me so inaccessible to you all through to-day. Now to refresh my memory about your affairs—it is some time since I talked them over with you. The money has been raised, in the absence of your wife's signature, by means of bills at three months—raised at a cost that makes my poverty-stricken foreign hair stand on end to think of it! When the bills are due, is there really and truly no earthly way of paying them but by the help of your wife?"

"None."

"What! You have no money at the banker's!"

"A few hundreds, when I want as many thousands."

"Have you no other security to borrow upon?"

"Not a shred."

"What have you actually got with your wife at the present moment?"

"Nothing but the interest of her twenty thousand pounds—barely enough to pay our daily expenses."

"What do you expect from your wife?"

"Three thousand a year, when her uncle dies."

"A fine fortune, Percival. What sort of a man is this uncle? Old?"

"No—neither old nor young."

"A good-tempered, freely-living man? Married? No, I think my wife told me not married."

"Of course not. If he was married, and had a son, Lady Glyde would not be next heir to the property. I'll tell you what he is. He's a maudlin, twaddling, selfish fool, and bores every body who comes near him about the state of his health."

"Men of that sort, Percival, live long and marry malevolently when you least expect it. I don't give you much, my friend, for your chance of the three thousand a year. Is there nothing more that comes to you from your wife?"

"Nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing—except in case of her death."

"Aha! in the case of her death."

There was another pause. The Count moved from the veranda to the gravel walk outside. I knew that he had moved by his voice. "The rain has come at last," I heard him say. It *had* come. The state of my cloak showed that it had been falling thickly for some little time.

The Count went back under the veranda—I heard the chair creak beneath his weight as he sat down in it again.

"Well, Percival," he said, "and in the case of Lady Glyde's death, what do you get then?"

"If she leaves no children—"

"Which she is likely to do?"

"Which she is not in the least likely to do—"

"Yes?"

"Why, then I get her twenty thousand pounds."

"Paid down?"

"Paid down."

They were silent once more. As their voices ceased Madame Fosco's shadow darkened the blind again. Instead of passing this time it remained for a moment quite still. I saw her fingers steal round the corner of the blind and draw it on one side. The dim white outline of her face, looking out straight over me, appeared behind the window. I kept quite still, shrouded from head to foot in my black cloak. The rain, which was fast wetting me, dripped over the glass, blurred it, and prevented her from seeing any thing. "More rain!" I heard her say to herself. She dropped the blind, and I breathed again freely.

The talk went on below me, the Count resuming it this time.

"Percival! do you care about your wife?"

"Fosco! that's rather a downright question."

"I am a downright man, and I repeat it."

"Why the devil do you look at me in that way?"

"You won't answer me? Well, then, let us say your wife dies before the summer is out—"

"Drop it, Fosco!"

"Let us say your wife dies—"

"Drop it, I tell you!"

"In that case you would gain twenty thousand pounds, and you would lose—"

"I should lose the chance of three thousand a year."

"The *remote* chance, Percival—the remote chance only. And you want money at once. In your position the gain is certain, the loss doubtful."

"Speak for yourself as well as for me. Some of the money I want has been borrowed for *you*. And if you come to gain *my* wife's death would be ten thousand pounds in *your* wife's pocket. Sharp as you are you seem to have conveniently forgotten Madame Fosco's legacy. Don't look at me in that way! I won't have it! What with your looks and your questions, upon my soul you make my flesh creep!"

"Your flesh? Does flesh mean conscience in English? I speak of your wife's death as I speak of a possibility. Why not? The respectable lawyers who scribble-scrabble your deeds and your wills look the deaths of living people in the face. Do lawyers make your flesh creep? Why should I? It is my business to-night to clear up your position beyond the possibility of mistake—and I have now done it. Here is your position: If your wife lives, you pay those

"THE STRANGENESS AND PERIL OF MY SITUATION," ETC.

bills with her signature to the parchment. If your wife dies, you pay them with her death."

As he spoke the light in Madame Fosco's room was extinguished, and the whole second floor of the house was now sunk in darkness.

"Talk! talk!" grumbled Sir Percival. "One would think, to hear you, that my wife's signature to the deed was got already."

"You have left the matter in my hands," retorted the Count; "and I have more than two months before me to turn round in. Say no more about it, if you please, for the present. When the bills are due you will see for yourself if my 'talk! talk!' is worth something, or if it is not. And now, Percival, having done with the money matters for to-night, I can place my attention at your disposal if you wish to consult me on that second difficulty, which has mixed itself up with our little embarrassments, and which has so altered you for the worse that I hardly know you again. Speak, my friend—and pardon me if I shock your fiery national tastes by mixing myself a second glass of sugar-and-water."

"It's very well to say speak," replied Sir Percival, in a far more quiet and more polite tone than he had yet adopted; "but it's not so easy to know how to begin."

"Shall I help you?" suggested the Count. "Shall I give this private difficulty of yours a name? What if I call it—Anne Catherick?"

"Look here, Fosco, you and I have known each other for a long time; and, if you have helped me out of one or two scrapes before this, I have done the best I could to help you in return as far as money would go. We have made as many friendly sacrifices, on both sides, as men could; but we have had our secrets from each other, of course—haven't we?"

"You have had a secret from *me*, Percival. There is a skeleton in your cupboard here at Blackwater Park that has peeped out, in these last few days, at other people besides yourself."

"Well, suppose it has. If it doesn't concern you you needn't be curious about it, need you?"

"Do I look curious about it?"

"Yes, you do."

"So! so! my face speaks the truth then? What an immense foundation of good there must be in the nature of a man who arrives at my age, and whose face has not yet lost the habit of speaking the truth! Come, Glyde, let us be candid one with the other. This secret of yours has sought *me*: I have not sought *it*. Let us say I am curious—do you ask me, as your old friend, to respect your secret, and to leave it, once for all, in your own keeping?"

"Yes—that's just what I do ask."

"Then my curiosity is at an end. It dies in me from this moment."

"Do you really mean that?"

"What makes you doubt me?"

"I have some experience, Fosco, of your roundabout ways, and I am not so sure that you won't worm it out of me after all."

The chair below suddenly creaked again—I felt the trellis-work pillar under me shake from top to bottom. The Count had started to his feet and struck it with his hand in indignation.

"Percival! Percival!" he cried, passionately, "do you know me no better than that? Has all your experience shown you nothing of my character yet? I am a man of the antique type! I am capable of the most exalted acts of virtue—when I have the chance of performing them. It has been the misfortune of my life that I have had few chances. My conception of friendship is sublime! Is it my fault that your skeleton has peeped out at me? Why do I confess my curiosity? You poor superficial Englishman, it is to magnify my own self-control. I could draw your secret out of you, if I liked, as I draw this finger out of the palm of my hand—you know I could! But you have appealed to my friendship; and the duties of friendship are sacred to me. See! I trample my base curiosity under my feet. My exalted sentiments lift me above it. Recognize them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! Shake hands—I forgive you."

His voice faltered over the last words—faltered, as if he was actually shedding tears!

Sir Percival confusedly attempted to excuse himself. But the Count was too magnanimous to listen to him.

"No!" he said. "When my friend has wounded me I can pardon him without apologies. Tell me, in plain words, do you want my help?"

"Yes, badly enough."

"And you can ask for it without compromising yourself?"

"I can try, at any rate."

"Try, then."

"Well, this is how it stands: I told you to-day that I had done my best to find Anne Catherick and failed."

"Yes, you did."

"Fosco! I'm a lost man if I *don't* find her."

"Ha! Is it so serious as that?"

A little stream of light traveled out under the veranda and fell over the gravel-walk. The Count had taken the lamp from the inner part of the room to see his friend clearly by the light of it.

"Yes!" he said. "*Your* face speaks the truth this time. Serious, indeed—as serious as the money matters themselves."

"More serious. As true as I sit here more serious!"

The light disappeared again, and the talk went on.

"I showed you the letter to my wife that Anne Catherick hid in the sand," Sir Percival continued. "There's no boasting in that letter, Fosco—she *does* know the Secret."

"Say as little as possible, Percival, in my presence, of the Secret. Does she know it from you?"

"No; from her mother."

"Two women in possession of your private mind—bad, bad, bad, my friend! One question here before we go any farther. The motive of your shutting up the daughter in the asylum is now plain enough to me; but the manner of her escape is not quite so clear. Do you suspect the people in charge of her of closing their eyes purposely at the instance of some enemy of yours, who could afford to make it worth their while?"

"No; she was the best-behaved patient they had—and, like fools, they trusted her. She's just mad enough to be shut up, and just sane enough to ruin me when she's at large—if you understand that?"

"I do understand it. Now, Percival, come at once to the point, and then I shall know what to do. Where is the danger of your position at the present moment?"

"Anne Catherick is in this neighborhood, and in communication with Lady Glyde—there's the danger plain enough. Who can read the letter she hid in the sand and not see that my wife is in possession of the secret, deny it as she may?"

"One moment, Percival. If Lady Glyde does know the secret, she must know also that it is a compromising secret for *you*. As your wife, surely it is her interest to keep it?"

"Is it? I'm coming to that. It might be her interest if she cared two straws about me. But I happen to be an encumbrance in the way of another man. She was in love with him before she married me—she's in love with him now—an infernal vagabond of a drawing-master, named Hartright."

"My dear friend! what is there extraordinary in that? They are all in love with some other man. Who gets the first of a woman's heart? In all my experience I have never yet met with the man who was Number One. Number Two, sometimes. Number Three, Four, Five, often. Number One, never! He exists, of course—but I have not met with him."

"Wait! I haven't done yet. Who do you think helped Anne Catherick to get the start, when the people from the madhouse were after her? Hartright. Who do you think saw her again in Cumberland? Hartright. Both times he spoke to her alone. Stop! don't interrupt me. The scoundrel's as sweet on my wife as she is on him. He knows the secret, and she knows the secret. Once let them both get together again, and it's her interest and his interest to turn their information against me."

"Gently, Percival—gently! Are you insensible to the virtue of Lady Glyde?"

"That for the virtue of Lady Glyde! I believe in nothing about her but her money. Don't you see how the case stands? She might be harmless enough by herself; but if she and that vagabond Hartright—"

"Yes, yes, I see. Where is Mr. Hartright?"

"Out of the country. If he means to keep a whole skin on his bones I recommend him not to come back in a hurry."

"Are you sure he is out of the country?"

"Certain. I had him watched from the time he left Cumberland to the time he sailed. Oh, I've been careful, I can tell you! Anne Catherick lived with some people at a farm-house near Limmeridge. I went there myself, after she had given me the slip, and made sure that they knew nothing. I gave her mother a form of letter to write to Miss Halcombe, exonerating me from any bad motive in putting her under restraint. I've spent, I'm afraid to say how much, in trying to trace her. And, in spite of it all, she turns up here, and escapes me on my own property! How do I know who else may see her, who else may speak to her? That prying scoundrel, Hartright, may come back without my knowing it, and may make use of her to-morrow—"

"Not he, Percival! While I am on the spot, and while that woman is in the neighborhood, I will answer for our laying hands on her before Mr. Hartright—even if he does come back. I see! yes, yes, I see! The finding of Anne Catherick is the first necessity: make your mind easy about the rest. Your wife is here, under your thumb; Miss Halcombe is inseparable from her, and is, therefore, under your thumb also; and Mr. Hartright is out of the country. This invisible Anne of yours is all we have to think of for the present. You have made your inquiries?"

"Yes. I have been to her mother; I have ransacked the village—and all to no purpose."

"Is her mother to be depended on?"

"Yes."

"She has told your secret once."

"She won't tell it again."

"Why not? Are her own interests concerned in keeping it as well as yours?"

"Yes—deeply concerned."

"I am glad to hear it, Percival, for your sake. Don't be discouraged, my friend. Our money matters, as I told you, leave me plenty of time to turn round in; and *I* may search for Anne Catherick to-morrow to a better purpose than you. One last question before we go to bed."

"What is it?"

"It is this. When I went to the boat-house to tell Lady Glyde that the little difficulty of her signature was put off, accident took me there in time to see a strange woman parting in a very suspicious manner from your wife. But accident did not bring me near enough to see this same woman's face plainly. I must know how to recognize our invisible Anne. What is she like?"

"Like? Come! I'll tell you in two words. She's a sickly likeness of my wife."

The chair creaked, and the pillar shook once more. The Count was on his feet again—this time in astonishment.

"What!!!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Fancy my wife, after a bad illness, with a touch of something wrong in her head—and there is Anne Catherick for you," answered Sir Percival.

"Are they related to each other?"

"Not a bit of it."

"And yet so like?"

"Yes, so like. What are you laughing about?"

There was no answer and no sound of any kind, the Count was laughing in his smooth, silent, internal way.

"What are you laughing about?" reiterated Sir Percival.

"Perhaps at my own fancies, my good friend. Allow me my Italian humor—do I not come of the illustrious nation which invented the exhibition of Punch? Well, well, well, I shall know Anne Catherick when I see her—and so enough for to-night. Make your mind easy, Percival. Sleep, my son, the sleep of the just; and see what I will do for you when daylight comes to help us both. I have my projects and my plans here in my big head. You shall pay those bills and find Anne Catherick—my sacred word of honor on it, but you shall! Am I a friend to be treasured in the best corner of your heart, or am I not? Am I worth those loans of money which you so delicately reminded me of a little while since? Whatever you do, never wound me in my sentiments any more. Recognize them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! I forgive you again; I shake hands again. Good-night!"

Not another word was spoken. I heard the Count close the library door. I heard Sir Percival barring up the window-shutters. It had been raining, raining all the time. I was cramped by my position, and chilled to the bones. When I first tried to move the effort was so painful to me that I was obliged to desist. I tried a second time, and succeeded in rising to my knees on the wet roof.

As I crept to the wall and raised myself against it I looked back, and saw the window of the Count's dressing-room gleam into light. My sinking courage flickered up in me again and kept my eyes fixed on his window as I stole my way, step by step, back along the wall of the house.

The clock struck the quarter-past one when I laid my hands on the window-sill of my own room. I had seen nothing and heard nothing which could lead me to suppose that my retreat had been discovered.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 2, in the Senate, the Territorial resolutions of Senator Davis, of Mississippi, were taken up and speeches made thereon by Senators Saulsbury, of Delaware, Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, Brown, of Mississippi, and Wigfall, of Texas.——In the House, the bill prohibiting polygamy in Utah was taken up, and Mr. Millson, of Virginia, spoke urgently in favor of the passage of the prohibitory bill, on moral grounds. Mr. Pryor maintained the same views, taking pains to show the distinction between Slavery and Polygamy, as subjects of such legislation, and arguing the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories. The opposite opinions were advocated by Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, who saw nothing but a useless and mischievous precedent in the bill. In the course of the debate Messrs. Etheridge and Nelson, of Tennessee, expressed their design to vote for the measure; but deprecated precipitate action in a matter so momentous. Without definite result, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, April 3, in the Senate, there were reported bills organizing the Territories of Arizona and Colorado. Senator Green, of Missouri, introduced resolutions suggesting charges against William Medill, Controller of the Treasury, the principal misdemeanor being his alleged refusal to adjust an account with the contractors for the Vera Cruz mail, notwithstanding an act of Congress directing him to do so. The resolutions demanded the removal of Mr. Medill. Resolutions providing for the payment of expenses to be incurred in bringing the Japanese Embassy to this country were adopted. The House bill in regard to new contracts for a daily overland mail was referred. A commission was ordered for the adjustment of American claims upon Paraguay. The Homestead bill of the House was called up at the instance of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, who urged its passage, and was followed in an able and telling speech by Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, who also sustained the measure.——In the House, Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, made a set speech in opposition to the pending anti-polygamy bill. Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, was in favor of the bill, as was also Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio. Mr. Noell urged a variety of reasons against it, which were strengthened by the arguments of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina. Mr. Thayer, of Massachusetts, was for partitioning Utah between the two projected Territories upon its eastern and western frontiers; and so solving the difficulty, without direct legislation. At the same time, he was unfriendly to the organization of the new Territories. At the adjournment, Mr. Keitt was still speaking adversely to the bill.

On Wednesday, April 4, in the Senate, various documents were presented; after which Senator Green called up his resolutions in reference to Mr. Medill, and moved their reference to the appropriate committee. Senator Saulsbury spoke in opposition to the reference. Senator Pugh moved a postponement of the subject, as Mr. Medill was absent, and detained by sickness in Ohio. Senator Green, however, insisted upon his motion, alleging that the Controller had been furnished with a copy of the resolutions prior to his departure. He was opposed by Senators Bayard and Benjamin, and finally the subject gave way to the Homestead Bill, as the special order, Senator Pugh advocating the bill with amendments. Senator Wigfall followed, opposing the measure in a speech of great length. A resolution, offered by Senator Sumner, calling for copies of correspondence in the State Department relative to military service exacted from American citizens abroad, was adopted.——In the House, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill was reported from the Military Committee, with a recommendation that the Senate amendment, authorizing a regiment of Texan Volunteers, be concurred in. Mr. Keitt then resumed from Tuesday his remarks against the Polygamy Bill; and was followed by Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, who advocated amendments, and opposed the plan of partition favored by Mr. Thayer. Mr. Simms, of Kentucky, was for the measure. His remarks called out Mr. Hooper, the Utah delegate, who denied the charges brought against the Mormons. At this stage Mr. Nelson called for the previous question, which was ordered by a vote of 114 to 75. Mr. Nelson then spoke for an hour in advocacy of the bill.

On Thursday, April 5, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation Bill coming up, Senator Latham moved, as an amendment, that California be permitted to provide for her own Indians. Without further discussion the subject was laid aside, and the Homestead debate was resumed. The amendment offered by Senator Fitch, providing for the retention by Government of alternate quarter sections, was rejected. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, referred to a bill he had to offer as a substitute, the distinctive trait of which was to extend the period of pre-emption, and to prevent the ejection of settlers. Senator Green, of Missouri, attacked the whole scheme of free lands or homesteads as mischievous, and as a product of reckless and dangerous partisanship.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Nelson then resumed and closed his speech in favor of the Utah Polygamy Bill, and was followed by Mr. Hooper, the Mormon delegate, who threatened that the passage of the act would revive the ill-feeling between his people and the Government, which had so lately been extinguished. The substitutes proposed by Messrs. Branch and M'Clernand were successively put to vote and rejected. The bill finally passed by 149 yeas to 60 nays. Mr. Sickles, of New York, claiming to speak to a privileged question, referred to the contest for his seat, and produced and commented upon the notice which Mr. Williamson, in response to the House resolution, had caused to be served upon him. The subject was referred to the Committee upon Elections. The Tariff Loan Bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole; and Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, made a violently radical speech on the slavery issue. A portion of his remarks caused great excitement among Southern members.

On Friday, April 6, in the Senate, forty-two private bills were passed, including all the House bills of that character. A bill was introduced providing for the location of United States courts at Binghamton, New York. The House resolution relative to the expenditure of money for public works at Chicago was adopted.——In the House, seventeen private bills were passed. Mr. Covode, who is at the head of a committee engaged in making investigation into the electioneering tactics of the Democrats, made a report setting forth that Collector Schell, of New York, refuses to divulge the names of the subscribers to a fund raised in this city for party purposes during the last Presidential canvass. The report concluded with a recommendation that the Speaker cause the arrest of Mr. Schell, and that he be held to answer for contempt. The subject was laid over till Monday, when a counter report will be made. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate whatever information he may have relative to the expulsion of American citizens from Mexico and the confiscation of their property by Miramon. Several other subjects were brought up, none of them, however, of importance.

FRACAS IN THE HOUSE.

On April 5, during Mr. Lovejoy's speech on Slavery, a fracas occurred. Mr. Pryor rose to a point of order, and approached the speaker menacingly.

Mr. PRYOR. "That is my point of order. Let him talk over there, but he shall not come to this side to shake his fists in a menacing and ruffianly manner at us."

The CHAIRMAN, "I request gentlemen to take their seats and come to order."

Great confusion in front of the desk—a dozen members from the Democratic side menacing Mr. Lovejoy, who was supported by his friends from the Republican side.

Mr. COX. "Let him go back to his seat and resume—"

Mr. BARKSDALE (shaking a heavy gold-headed cane at Lovejoy) said, "You lying scoundrel, come over here if you dare!"

Great confusion, and a collision imminent.

The CHAIRMAN. "I beg respectfully to request that gentlemen will take their seats."

No attention was paid to the request by the excited circle that now stood in front of the desk.

The CHAIRMAN. "I request members to assist me in preserving order."

Mr. ADRAIN, of New Jersey. "Perhaps the best way to avert this difficulty would be for the gentleman to speak from his seat. We all know him to be a man of courage, and that he can not be intimidated."

Mr. PRYOR. "Nobody wants to intimidate him. I give him credit for courage."

Mr. LOVEJOY. "Nobody can intimidate me."

Great noise and confusion, several members addressing Mr. Lovejoy in any but a complimentary way. But, though fingers and fists and heads all shook and wagged most ominously around him, the cause of the disturbance stood unmoved amidst friends and foes.

Mr. ADRAIN. "I know that no one desires to intimidate him, and it is therefore better that the gentleman should go and speak from his seat."

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE, of New York (making himself heard over the tumult). "I move that the Committee rise if this disturbance do not cease."

The CHAIRMAN. "Will gentlemen take their seats?"

No acquiescence—gentlemen's tongues, fingers, and heads all going together, and all threatening the gentleman in the centre. While the noisy spirits were thus working themselves into a fury, or were taking this way to get rid of what was within, one gentleman from Kentucky, whose tongue subsequently came into action, was noticed to be very intent on paring his nails with the blade of a rather formidable knife. The occupation was suspicious, and the sinister look of the operator was more so. In the midst of the noise and uproar it was impossible to catch the remarks of every member.

Mr. PRYOR. "I repeat, he does not belong to this side of the House, and he should speak from the side to which he belongs."

Mr. SINGLETON, of Mississippi. "He came over shaking his fists at us, but he must not do it."

Mr. BURNETT, of Kentucky. "Mr. Chairman, there is a rule of the House which requires members to speak from their seats. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he commenced speaking. The gentleman from Illinois can not and shall not cross this aisle in a menacing manner to threaten our side of the House—I tell him that, let the consequences be what they may, he must speak from his seat, and he shall and must do it."

THE COMMITTEE RISES.

SEVERAL VOICES. "Call the Sergeant-at-Arms."

Mr. GROW (Pa.). "Let the committee rise."

The CHAIRMAN. "Will gentlemen take their seats?"

No compliance. Confusion raging in front of the desk.

Mr. COX. "Why does not the Chairman insist on the gentleman from Illinois taking his seat?"

The Chairman here called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to execute his office and restore order.

Mr. BURNETT. "You may call upon your Sergeant-at-Arms, but I shall not do it."

The deputy Sergeant-at-Arms here approached with his mace, which he carried in a very humble manner, and with a very undecided and downcast look. As he walked to the ring he was told very emphatically that he had no authority to enforce order. And still the clamor and uproar were kept up, and from out of the centre of the ring strode

Mr. KELLOGG, who, in a stentorian voice, declared, "The gentleman shall speak. He shall not commit a breach of the rules of the House, but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and if he violates them I shall be the first to rebuke him; but he shall speak."

A general fight at one time seemed imminent, and the wildest excitement every where prevailed.

The Speaker was called in to resume his seat, when the Chairman reported that the committee rose, owing to the disorder.

Finally comparative quiet was restored.

Mr. SHERMAN said, "We are in good order now."

SCENE BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The *Herald* says: "The examination of Mr. Butterworth before the Covode Investigating Committee has been closed. Before the testimony was signed, Mr. Butterworth, addressing himself to Mr. Train, a member of the committee from Massachusetts, said,

"SIR,—'In the course of this investigation you propounded to me questions personally offensive. You in effect asked me to state if I had not bargained with the President and bartered my principles to retain my place. In order that no unjust inferences might be drawn from a refusal, I consented to answer the question. I regard this as a personal insult, and one to which I do not intend quietly to submit. I now give you an opportunity to withdraw the question.'

"MR. TRAIN. 'I did not intend to insult you, Sir. I

was requested to ask the question, and did so simply to ascertain if the President had used any improper influences in the matter.'

"Mr. Butterworth. 'You had no right to propound an impertinent question to me to gratify the malignancy of cowardly slanderers. If you had ventured such a query in the streets I should have resented the insult on the spot; and I do not intend to permit any member of this Committee to shield himself behind his official position to escape a just personal responsibility.'

"Mr. Olin (member of the Committee). 'I do not agree with you, Sir, that you have any right to hold any member personally responsible for the discharge of his official duties; and, so far as I am concerned, I do not intend to be intimidated by threats.'

"Mr. Butterworth. 'I make no threats. I state a fact; and I now submit the matter to the action of the Committee. My action will be determined by yours.'

"Mr. Covode. 'I see no objection to the withdrawal of the question, and answer also; but you had better let the testimony stand until the Committee close their labors, and this can be left out of the printed report.'

"To this Mr. Butterworth assented, and the affair was thus amicably adjusted."

ELECTIONS IN CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

State elections took place in Connecticut on 2d, and Rhode Island on 4th inst. In the former State, the Republicans carried their Governor by about 570 majority, being a Democratic gain of nearly 1000. In Rhode Island the Democratic candidate, who was also supported by the "Conservative Republicans," was elected by about 1500 majority. Much excitement prevailed throughout Rhode Island on the occasion.

ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL ROW.

The *Herald's* Washington correspondent gives the following account of a difficulty, which occurred on Saturday between Messrs. Van Wyck of New York and Hindman of Arkansas:

"There was almost a street collision this forenoon, about 10 o'clock, between two Congressmen, Mr. Van Wyck of New York, and Mr. Hindman of Arkansas, in front of the National Hotel. There are various interpretations of the affair afloat, but the following I obtained from an eye-witness: 'Mr. Van Wyck was standing upon the front steps of the hotel, with Mr. Stuart of New York and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. Hindman alighted from a carriage, and was passing near the three gentlemen named above to enter the hotel, when Mr. Van Wyck saluted him with a bow, and the words "How are you, Mr. Hindman." The latter resented the salutation with a movement of the hand toward Mr. Van Wyck, which Mr. Stuart interpreted as an intended blow, but Mr. Hindman did not reach Mr. Van Wyck. Mr. Stuart stepped between and mildly remonstrated with Mr. Hindman, and he desisted—remarking to Mr. Stuart that Mr. Van Wyck had made a speech in the House of Representatives insulting to every Southern gentleman, and he (Mr. Hindman) could not permit Mr. Van Wyck to speak to him. Mr. Van Wyck not having been struck, made no resistance to Mr. Hindman. After some little conversation among the friends of the parties, growing out of the affair, they separated.' Out of these facts have grown all sorts of rumors of a desperate collision, the exchange of blows and exhibition of deadly weapons, nothing of which happened."

THE CONCORD REBELLION.

We give elsewhere illustrations of the Sanborn arrest and rescue.

It is said that, since the agitation following the John Brown invasion, Mr. Sanborn has been expecting some trouble. The feeling seems to have been very strong against the Marshal and his men, on account of the manner in which he made the arrest. The Boston *Journal* says:

"Nothing but the assurance that a writ would soon be obtained and Mr. Sanborn released in a legal way prevented the exasperated citizens from pommeling the officer and rescuing the prisoner. Several attempts were made to attack the officials. One man raised his fist to strike, but was restrained by a citizen who observed his movements. Another was on the point of hurling a stone at the officers, but was arrested in the attempt. The citizens generally, without distinction of party, united in sympathizing with Mr. Sanborn. But three men were found who defended the course of the officers, and one of them was the Postmaster, and another an officer of the Custom-house."

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Democratic National Committee met at Washington on 5th. Twenty-three States were represented. George A. Caldwell, of Kentucky, was chosen Chairman, *pro tempore*, in the absence of Judge Smalley, and C. L. Vallandigham, Secretary. It was unanimously resolved that it is inexpedient, under existing circumstances, to change the place for holding the Democratic Convention from Charleston to any other place. The Committee adjourned to meet at Charleston on the 21st, at ten o'clock, in the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Hall, which has been tendered and accepted for the use of the Committee.

Previous to action on the resolution, Mr. Vallandigham stated the reason for the call, which grew out mainly of the complaints about impositions in Charleston concerning accommodations for visitors. He had received numerous letters on this subject. Gentlemen of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond, St. Louis, and Louisville had presented inducements for changing the place of meeting to these cities. It might be stated that gentlemen of Charleston would, as far as they could, extend their hospitalities to delegates.

Mr. Ashmore (S. C.) stated to the Committee that he had appeared at the summons of the Secretary, but did not regard himself a member. He had met the Executive Committee at its first meeting as the substitute of the Hon. B. H. Wilson, the member of said Committee from South Carolina, as expressed in his letter, for the only object to appoint the time when the Convention will meet in Charleston. He therefore regarded himself as limited to the single act of fixing the time, which had been done, and, not regarding himself as authorized to act, should decline voting or participating further than to say, as a matter of information, that he had received many letters from distinguished gentlemen in Charleston, of the Convention party, who assured him that the hospitalities of that party would be extended to the fullest extent of their ability to accommodate visitors and delegates. He was frank to say, in his opinion nothing need be expected from the Anti-Convention party. As to the change, he hoped no effort would be made to effect one. He did not believe the Committee had the power to make any, and if it were so, it would have a very deleterious and injurious effect upon the friends of the Convention in South Carolina, who, he thought, were unanimous in opposing the change, if not in other States. He had been informed by letters that many of the hotels would charge only three dollars per diem, but yesterday he had received private letters, saying that certain houses had been fitted up for entertainment at five and six dollars per diem, including lodging and bedding. The landlords of the city claimed the high prices of provisions as an excuse for the charges. He should not discuss this question, however, and as he should decline voting on any of the propositions before the Committee, would withdraw.

PROTEST FROM MARIN.

Commodore Marin has published a protest against the seizure of his ships by the *Saratoga*. After relating the circumstances, and stating that he did not fire until two shots had been fired at him, he concludes as follows:

"For all which, and in view of the claim for redress and satisfaction which his Government may have to urge, on account of the outrage committed by Captain Turner, of the *Saratoga*, without the least color of right, pretense, or excuse, upon vessels and men belonging to the Mexican Republic, in the waters of Mexico, and within cannon-shot from the coast, the undersigned hereby publicly, and in the most solemn manner, protests:

"1. Against his having been approached stealthily, and in the night, while at anchor in one of the ports of the Republic to which he belongs, by the *Saratoga*, a war-vessel of the United States, commanded by Captain Turner of the United States Navy, in concert with the steamer *Wave*, a vessel in the service of the Vera Cruz Government, and with the *Indianola*, a merchant steamer known to be in the interest of, and under directions from the same Government, without cause, and against his having, while Mexico is at peace with the United States, been fired at in flagrant violation of the laws of nations.

"2. The undersigned protests against his having been reduced to captivity with his officers and crew, and brought to this port of New Orleans, the undersigned being kept during the whole passage in strict confinement.

"3. The undersigned protests against the capture of the steamers under his orders, and against their transportation to this port.

"4. The undersigned protests against the slaughter that was made of his men, when firing had ceased on board the Mexican steamer, and when resistance was no longer offered on his part.

"5. The undersigned protests against the outrageous manner in which he and his men were taken to the jail in this city as common felons, without cause or warrant, and against their having been detained in it to this day, though no complaint as yet has been entered, in Court or elsewhere, charging any of them with any offense or delinquency whatsoever.

"Thomas Marin,
"Admiral of the Mexican Navy.

"New Orleans, *March 27*, 1860."

MINING EXCITEMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

The overland mail, which left San Francisco March 11, brings telegraphic advices from that city to the 13th. The mining intelligence is of a still more glowing and exciting character. The wealth of Washoe had not only been attested by responsible investigators, who had visited the fabulous region, but a large quantity of the ore itself had been smelted, and had yielded at the rate of $3000 a ton. The mines of quicksilver at Napa Valley were also promising returns exceeding the most imaginative calculations. From Jackson County, Oregon, stories are brought of the astonishing richness of the quartz rock in that quarter, whither throngs of adventurers were hastening. The neighborhood of Yreka, California, was also exciting attention by the value of recent gold discoveries.

THE END OF THE CARSTANG-SHAW CASE.

The *Times* correspondent writes, on 2d inst., from St. Louis:

"To the infinite relief of a long-suffering and much-bored community, the Carstang case is at last decided. Both plaintiff and defendant come out of their three weeks' trial of the most exciting case which has ever occurred in the civil courts of this country materially damaged in purse and character. The defendant has obtained the verdict; but in order to show that he had never promised to marry the plaintiff, his counsel was obliged to place him before the jury and the community in the most unenviable position. A millionaire, trembling on the verge of threescore years and ten, a practical botanist and landscape gardener, whose labor at Tower Grove have won him a wide renown—a philanthropist, who has munificently endowed the city of St. Louis with grounds sufficient to create in our midst a worthy rival of the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, if the wise and liberal plan of the donor should be carried out in its details—he figures in this trial as a libertine of seventy, and, like Macaulay's Marlborough, thrifty in his very vice; for several incidents of this amour reveal more meanness than they do passion. Although the verdict is esteemed a just verdict, and, indeed, the only verdict that could have been rendered on the evidence, yet the regret is quite general in the community that some adequate punishment could not be inflicted upon the defendant. The only witness who swore to the contract of marriage was the sister of the plaintiff, and her testimony was contradicted and impeached in almost every conceivable way, and her character and that of her sister were shown to be decidedly bad. It would be untrue and too harsh to say that Miss Effie had been proved a public prostitute; but if there is any dependence to be placed in human testimony, she is, and has been for the last twenty years, an intriguante and an adventurer of the most dangerous type. Possessing a fine form, pleasing appearance, fascinating manners, superior intellect, and indomitable will and energy, Effie Carstang's career has been very different from that of the mere lewd beauty who lives by the sale of her liberal favors."

A PROTEST FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay published, on April 3, an appeal to the people of Madison County against the Revolutionary Committee of that county, from whom he escaped denouncement by a small majority last Tuesday, and who were to consider his case again yesterday. He said he advised Hanson and his associates to leave; that he has discountenanced the radicals; but that if the Republicans are attacked they will defend themselves. His appeal embraces a letter signed by Frank Bland and George Holley, in which they say the troubles did not originate about Hanson, but because George West, who was sick of consumption, was maltreated, and his daughter insulted with gross language. Mr. Clay concludes as follows: "You may be strong enough to overpower me, but you can not drive me from the duty I owe to myself, to my friends, and to my country. If I fall, I shall not fall in vain; and it will be enough for all long-cherished associations, if perchance my blood shall atone for the wrongs of my race, and these States shall at least be free."

Private advices intimate apprehensions of further trouble.

A POLITICIAN IN LUCK.

The *Tribune* says: "Mr. Surveyor Hart has fallen heir to an estate under the following romantic circumstances. Years ago, when in Paris, a lovely Jewess became enamored of him, but he did not return the passion. When he came back to New York, he still remained the object of her tender recollections, which were shown by her sending him, on the several annual feast-days of her ancient faith, valuable presents—sweet mementos which only the delicate taste of woman knows how to summon up. Every feast of the Passover, as well as every other Mosaic day of mark, accordingly there were dispatched to this city, sentimental objects of art and vertu; and neither distance, time, nor the absence of a reciprocity treaty could abate her love the least. As she was faithful in life, so was she true in death; for the news arrived the other day that the poor lady had gone to the better world, and dying, bequeathed to Mr. Hart an estate. It was legally necessary for him to go abroad to look after it, and accordingly he sailed on Saturday for Hamburg, where the estate lies."

PERSONAL.

Hon. James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy under President Tyler, died at his residence at Hyde Park on the 4th inst., at 12 o'clock.

In the Report of the Perry Expedition the hope is expressed that the Chinaman who is supposed to have killed Captain Leete "may be an instrument, in the event of his return to Japan, under a further development of our relations with that empire, of aiding in the introduction of a higher and better civilization into his own country."

Among the sojourners in Havana on the 25th ult. were Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Lewison, Miss Havemeyer, Mrs. Dr. Maines, and Mrs. Butler, all of New York; Miss Cheney and Mr. Parkman, of Boston; Dr. Tucker; Mr. Hayden, and Mr. Havemeyer, of New York; Mr. S. A. Atkinson, of Augusta, Georgia; Miss Otis, Miss Parkman, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, and Mrs. J. Bryant, all of Boston.

Tom Sayers, the English Champion, has been engaged by an enterprising American speculator to give a series of exhibitions in the principal cities in the United States, immediately after the fight with Heenan. The engagement has been definitely settled, and we are assured will not be broken, whatever the result of the approaching contest may be.

Madame Colson has been engaged to sing for five weeks at the French Opera at New Orleans. For this period she has $3500 salary, half a full benefit without deduction for expenses, and $250 for traveling expenses.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams and the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., are the largest tax-payers in Quincy, Massachusetts. The former pays $1440, and the latter $485. As trustee, Mr. Adams pays $150 additional to the above-named sum.

It is asserted, "on high Democratic authority," that General Pierce has declined Mr. Buchanan's invitations to visit the White House.

Joseph Hengst, of Cincinnati, has filed a petition asking for a change of name. He alleged that Hengst was a German name, which, being translated, means "stud-horse;" that it was generally understood and recognized among those of his fellow-citizens with whom he associated as "stud-horse" or "stallion;" and that he was subject, on account thereof, to ridicule and shame; that puns and jokes were continually perpetrated against him, to his great embarrassment and inconvenience, as well in trade and business as in social intercourse. For these reasons he asked to use his mother's maiden name, "Ewald," and to be known by the name of Joseph John Ewald. Judge Mallon was of the opinion that there was good reason why the prayer of the petitioner should be allowed, and adjudged that the name should be changed accordingly.

A man named Joseph Giss left his home in Newark, New Jersey, on Wednesday morning, since which time nothing has been heard of him. His mind is somewhat deranged, and he has been an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton, in which direction it is supposed he has wandered. He is a native of Belgium, about thirty-five years of age.

The mother-in-law of Edgar A. Poe, the poet, Mrs. Maria Clemm, is in Alexandria, Virginia, over seventy years of age, and in the most distressing poverty.

The *Tribune* says: "Conjugal affection does not rate high in Columbus, Ohio. One Bowers was so unfortunate as to lose the regard and the society of his young wife—the former being transferred to an earlier lover, the latter bestowed on her friends, to the exclusion of the husband. Naturally indignant, he sought revenge in the law, and brought an action against the lover and his friend, through whose conspiration such an unhappy result was brought to pass. Two trials were had; in the first, the intelligent twelve returned a verdict for the sum of $1000. A new trial was ordered, new evidence put in, and the second verdict was only for $600. What the mitigating circumstances were, whether the love of the wife was proved to be worth little, or whether it was shown that the husband had not appeared to value it at a high rate while he had it, can not be stated. The melancholy yet stern fact stands: an Ohio jury have settled that $600 represents the market value of a wife's affection."

General Jefferson Davis is again suffering from inflammation of the eyes. The surgical operation performed on one, last Saturday, it is apprehended, will result in the loss of both.

Jacob Barker closed a six days' speech in his celebrated case before the Court of Claims last week. Notwithstanding the long time he occupied, it was interesting to the last, as well on account of facts connected with the history of the war of 1812 as of the merits of the claim at issue.

Mr. Isaac Townsend, a wealthy retired merchant of this city, died on Sunday 1st, at his residence in West Twenty-fifth Street, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Townsend held several places of trust at the time of his death, being Vice-President of the Bank of the State of New York, and a Director in the Panama Railroad Company. He was also a member of the Alms-house Board, and served one year as President of that body.

Rosa Bonheur has not only received, as already stated, an offer of the most liberal kind to go to the United States and paint a picture of a herd of wild buffaloes, but has received an offer of marriage from the same hand. Whether the latter is accepted as well as the former is not yet known.

Mr. William Euston of Charleston, S. C., who died recently, was worth from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. He leaves all the income of his estate, real and personal, to his widow, having no heirs, charged, however, with the payment of certain bequests and annuities to relatives. After the life-interest of the widow, and the reversion or lapse of the several charges mentioned, the whole estate is given in trust to the City of Charleston, for the establishment and support of a retreat for aged indigence, under certain conditions, one of which is the building of cottages for the use of the poor, free of expense.

Hawthorne expects to return home in June. He has been absent nearly eight years, during which time he has visited various countries of Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRINCE OF WALES COMING TO AMERICA.

It is announced that the squadron to convoy the Prince of Wales to Canada, on his forthcoming visit, will consist of the screw steamer *Hero*, 91 guns; the *Ariadne*, screw, 26 guns; the *Flying Fish*, screw, 6 guns, and the royal paddle yacht *Osborne*. The Prince will take his passage out and home in the *Hero*, one of the finest vessels of her class in the navy. The yacht *Osborne* will be retained for service on the coasts and rivers of Canada.

The London *Times*, in an editorial on the subject, expresses a hope that the Prince, after visiting Canada, will make a tour through the United States, where he may be sure of a generous welcome; and if he should visit the President at Washington, the *Times* feels sure the courtesy will be appreciated, and the act will tend to draw closer the bonds which unite the two countries.

HEENAN IN TRAINING.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In my last letter I mentioned some of the evidences of the interest felt in England in relation to the coming 'international fight' between Heenan and Sayers. The interest has manifested itself in such a decided manner that it has actually obliged Heenan to quit his comfortable quarters at Salisbury—where he had taken the old Mansion House as a residence—and to retire to some more quiet and less known locality. Such was the curiosity to see him that from all the country about, and even from London, eighty miles distant, crowds went every day to Salisbury, and, whenever he started out for a walk, followed him often for miles. They gathered about his house in the morning, anxious to catch a glimpse of him; and every day applications from all sorts of people were sent in to him, with requests for personal introductions; and in fact the annoyance finally became so great that he was forced to pack up and decamp to a more secluded spot, where he hopes to be permitted to be let alone, and allowed quietly to pursue his laudable desire to bring his weight down and his muscles up, with a view to the two hundred pounds sterling and the champion's belt."

THE DEATH OF JULLIEN.

The *Tribune* says: "By the last steamer intelligence reaches us of the death of Jullien, the celebrated musical conductor and composer. The closing scene of his life was melancholy. While on the eve of carrying into execution plans for an orchestral campaign, more extensive and magnificent than even his previous exploits—embracing a tour throughout the whole civilized world, accompanied by an army of orchestral performers, vocalists, and men of all work—just as he was collecting his forces at Paris for this purpose, he became harassed with pecuniary troubles to such an extent that first his health and then his reason gave way. In this condition he was conveyed to an insane hospital, where he died on the 16th day of March. Jullien was in his forty-eighth year, having been born at Sisteron, an Alpine town, on the 23d of April, 1812. His father was bandmaster of a Swiss regiment, and from him the boy learned the rudiments of the art in which he was to become so renowned. Having lost a voice which was singularly beautiful and strong in childhood, he turned his attention more exclusively to orchestration; first learned the use of the violin, and successively studied the practice and capabilities of every orchestral instrument. When a young man, he led a military life, conducting a regimental band, and being present at various battles, at one of which he was severely wounded in the shoulder. Finally he went to Paris, where, receiving instruction from such masters as Cherubini and Rossini, his peculiar orchestral powers rapidly became developed, and he soon found himself before the public as director of the concerts of the Champs Elysée and the Royal Academy balls. The jealousy of rivals at his instantaneous popularity finally became powerful enough to drive him away from Paris, and he took refuge across the British Channel. Then at London, during twenty years, ensued a series of these grand popular triumphs which only Jullien could achieve, and with which our readers are familiar from their recollections of his late American campaign."

ITALY.

ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The Paris *Patrie* publishes a letter from Turin, stating that the question of the annexation of Savoy had been definitively settled between France and Sardinia.

The Savoy deputation, consisting of forty members, had arrived in Paris, and had been received by the Emperor. The Emperor received the deputation from Savoy at half past two on Wednesday afternoon. The deputation presented the address. The Emperor expressed his pleasure in receiving the deputation, and the following is said to be the sense of his Majesty's speech: "'The reunion of Savoy and Nice has been resolved on principle. The assent of Piedmont and the population has been obtained to the reconciliation of the frontiers, and the negotiations with the Powers who signed the treaty of 1815 permit the hope of a favorable examination of the question by the greater part of them. Friendship for Switzerland had almost caused a cession of territory to be promised, which he believed would not be contrary to the wishes of Savoy; but as it was known that the population refused that Savoy should be dismembered, France renounced this cession, although wishing to protect the interests of Switzerland." On Saturday the deputation will dine at the Tuileries.

The *Times* says the Municipal Junta of Nice has voted against the annexation to France, and the National Guard elected by a large majority a colonel attached to the old allegiance. The delegate dispatched by the Municipality of Nice is now at Turin, and is engaged in urging the Sardinian government to prevent the severance of the country of Nice from the kingdom of Victor Emanuel.

EXCOMMUNICATION OF VICTOR EMANUEL.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* states that the Pope had addressed a monitory to King Victor Emanuel intimating that henceforth all relations between his Holiness and the royal family must be considered as broken off. That his Majesty will understand that he has openly violated the laws of the Church, *and is formally excommunicated*. The Holy Father reserves to himself the duty of taking into consideration the interests of the universal Church and the good Catholics of Piedmont before proceeding to severer measures, which, in any event, weigh from henceforth upon the person of the King.

Le Nord says the moment the Pope's bull is fulminated the cities of Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, Turin, Bologna, and Florence have agreed to illuminate, and give the character of a national celebration to the event.

EVACUATION OF ITALY BY FOREIGN TROOPS.

It is stated that the French Embassador had informed the Austrian government of the approaching evacuation of Lombardy by French troops, and, in the name of his government, expressed a wish that, after the departure of the French troops, Austria, in accordance with the principles contained in Count Rechberg's dispatch of the 17th February, would continue to observe non-intervention in affairs of Central Italy. The Austrian government had dispatched its reply direct to Paris. The Austrian note says that since the interview at Villafranca the Emperor Francis-Joseph has made too many sacrifices for the maintenance of peace to be able to recommence a struggle which would soon become a European war; but although keeping a merely observant attitude, Austria believes, nevertheless, she must draw the attention of France to the secret intrigues of Sardinian agents in Venetia, as well as to the continued provocation of the Piedmontese ministry; and she repeats most distinctly that the Emperor Francis-Joseph would not hesitate to make the greatest sacrifices in defense of his rights over Venetia.

GERMANY.

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT GOVERNOR WRIGHT'S.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "As briefly as possible let me say that our Embassador, Governor Wright, invited all Americans and some of his Prussian friends to celebrate Washington's birthday at the embassy on the evening of the 22d. About threescore and ten responded to the call. The fine saloons of the Governor were tastefully arranged, and after a cup of tea in the grand saloon, all were invited into the dining-room, where a most bountiful provision had been made. A benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of New Haven. In due time and good-humor we retired to the parlor, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton read a portion of Washington's farewell address. Governor Wright then made a few appropriate remarks, and concluded with a toast 'To the Memory of Washington.' In a few moments Governor Wright proposed the 'Health of the Royal Family,' the 'Prince Regent and the royal family.' Dr. Abbott then proposed 'the health of the President of the United States.' The Minister then spoke of the good relations between the two countries, of the progress which Prussia is making toward constitutional freedom.

"It is to be remarked that Governor Wright drank the toasts in pure cold water."

SWITZERLAND.

THE SWISS PROTEST AGAINST THE SAVOY ANNEXATION.

The following is the official protest of the Swiss Government against the annexation of Savoy to France:

"Paris, *March* 15, 1860.

"*M. Kern, Minister of Switzerland, to M. de Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs:*

"Monsieur le Ministre,—In consequence of a dispatch from Berne, I am to inform your Excellency that the Federal Council have addressed to the Government of his Majesty the King of Sardinia a note in which they demand the maintenance of the stipulations of the Treaty of 1564, confirmed by the Treaty of 1816 between Sardinia and Switzerland, in so far as they relate to the cession of the actual territory of Savoy to another Power.

"I am to add that my Government regards in a particular manner any annexation of the neutralized provinces, Chablais, Faucigny, and the Genevois, to another Power, as in contradiction to the stipulations of the Treaties of 1815, which guarantee these provinces, in the interest of Swiss neutrality, as if they were an integral part of the Confederation, and declaring 'that they are to enjoy the neutrality of Switzerland in the same manner as if they belonged to her.'

"In the mean time, and with reference to the considerations which I had the honor to explain to you in the audience which you were good enough to grant me on the 13th of March, my instructions impose on me the duty of protesting formally, in the name of the Swiss Confederation, against every measure which may have for object to annex these provinces to France, till such time as the Powers of Europe, to which the Imperial Government has itself declared that it would submit this question, shall have decided.

"I avail myself of this occasion, etc., Kern."

CANADA.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL FARE IN CANADA.

The Toronto *Daily Globe* says, concerning the visit of the Prince of Wales:

"The Ministry announced last night that the Prince of Wales would probably leave England about the 10th of July—certainly not earlier. This is not so good a time for seeing the country as June or August. We perceive that a fine job is being cut out in Quebec in connection with the visit. It is proposed to hire the palace of the Catholic Archbishop of Quebec. Mother Church will drive a hard bargain, we are afraid. The Nova Scotia Legislature have resolved to invite the Prince of Wales to visit their Province. A similar motion was made in the New Brunswick House of Assembly, but it was negatived on the score of expense—20 to 18. Next day the legislators discovered their error and the vote was expunged, but only by a division of 22 to 18."

PREACHING TO THIEVES AND HARLOTS.

We give herewith a picture of the Sunday-evening service in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Greene Street, New York, by Rev. W. P. Corbit, on 1st April, inst. It had been previously announced that the sermon would be especially addressed to "Thieves and Harlots;" and these classes had been notified by the detectives that, for that occasion, the church would be a sanctuary. The experiment was watched with great interest, as the similar attempts which are now being made by Mr. Baptist Noel and others in London, England, are said to promise quite handsomely. We abridge from the *Herald* the following account of the service and congregation:

"A better location for preaching a sermon to such persons could hardly have been selected. The Rev. Mr. Corbit's church is in Greene Street, not far distant from the most notorious portion of the notorious Mercer Street, and in the immediate vicinity of the up-town settlements of small thieves.

"Although our reporter reached the church long before the hour announced for the commencement of the services, he found the house crowded in every part. The aisles were filled with 'standees,' and the rail around the altar was, like a perch, decorated by a number of young men. Inside the altar were several persons; and four more occupied the pulpit, to the evident discomfort and inconvenience of the pastor. It is a well-known fact, that congregations, like dreams, generally go by contraries. An announcement that a lecture will be delivered to young men always attracts all the young ladies of the place; and so, an invitation to thieves and harlots crowded the church with probably the most respectable audience ever collected within its walls. The congregation comprised many respectable men and women, such as we see every day upon 'Change, in business, or in society. Several theatrical and other celebrities were present. About half the congregation were ladies, and many of these were aged. Our reporter, occupying a position from which he could see the entire audience, and assisted by an experienced detective, was able to 'spot' only four well-known harlots, and if any thieves were present they kept themselves very 'dark,' and were not observed.

"The services began with the hymn commencing:

'Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,'

which was sung with great fervor, the congregation rising. A prayer followed, in which the pastor reminded the brethren that they were once as vile in heart as any present, but had been redeemed by grace. The prayer, as well as the sermon which it preceded, were greeted by many loud 'Amens.' After the singing of the hymn entitled 'The Sinner's Resolve,' Mr. Corbit gave notice, while the collections were being made, that he would preach his farewell sermon next Sunday evening, and then took for his text the following passages of Scripture; Proverbs, 13th chap., 15th verse, 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' Luke, 23d chap., 42d verse, 'And the thief said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' and Matthew, 21st chap. and 31st verse, 'Verily, I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'

"After the singing of the hymn entitled 'Rock of Ages' the congregation quietly dispersed. To a disinterested observer it was amusing to notice the care which the gentlemen took of their pockets while the audience was passing out, each suspecting his neighbor, in the jam, to be one of the 'thieves;' and also the spirit with which the ladies, for obvious reasons, resented a too-prolonged stare."

REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

We hope the experiment may be repeated. The first attempt proves nothing, and further trials may develop much good.

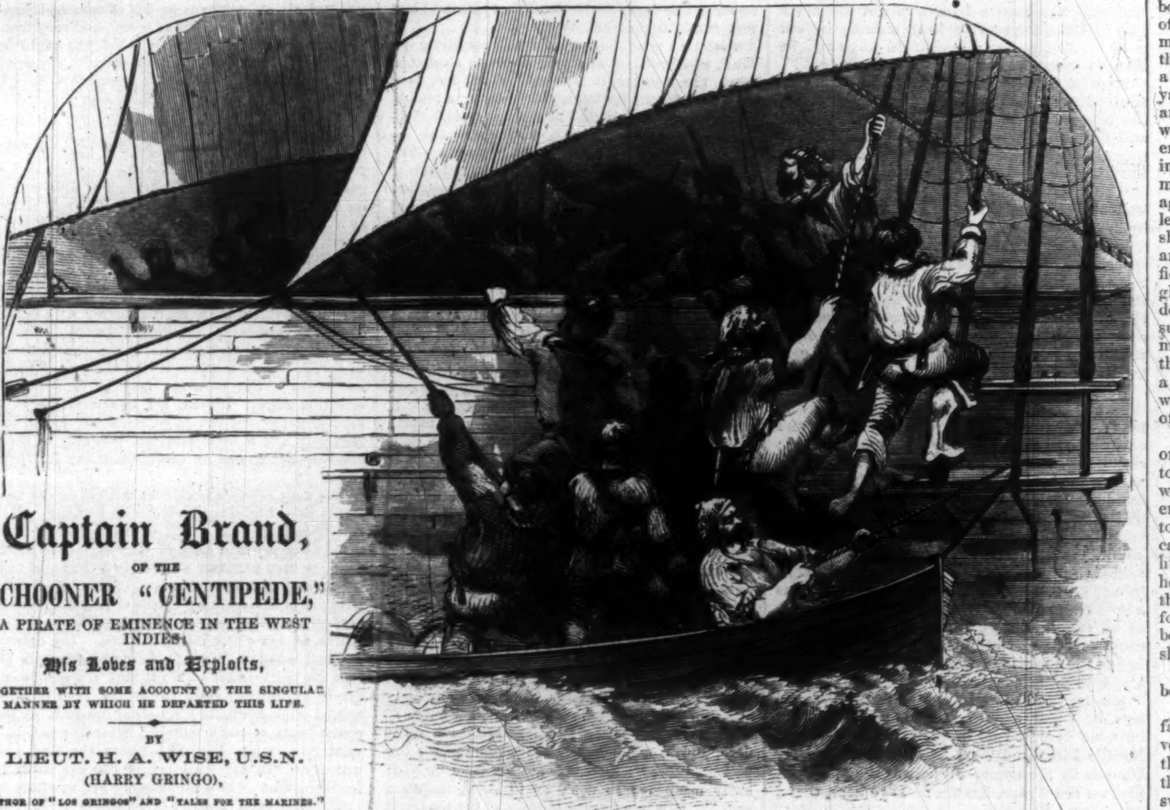
Mr. Corbit is one of the most eminent preachers of the Methodist faith, and is a man of undoubted sincerity, energy, and zeal. He was born in New Jersey, in or about 1820, and became in early boyhood a wagoner in Pennsylvania. Rising in his trade, he undertook the business of carting brick into Philadelphia from the adjacent kilns, and at one time had as many as one hundred men in his employ. His energy was remarked by all who knew him; it is said that, in order to be the first at work in the morning, he used to sleep all night on a chair. Some years ago he was touched by the preaching of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Pitman, of New Jersey, in his lifetime one of the ablest ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church; under his guidance Mr. Corbit joined the church and studied for the ministry. His career as a preacher has been very successful. Few preachers in this city can command a larger audience. His famous sermon to the firemen of New York will be remembered by many of our readers; it attracted no little attention at the time.

Probably no one is better qualified to give an opinion as to the probable effect of Mr. Corbit's preaching than Mr. Matsell the ex-Chief of Police. He says:

"Mr. Corbit, by his sermon last Sunday evening, has given a practical turn to Christian effort, which for many years has been too much on theory. To successfully combat vice and crime, it must be brought to light and boldly grappled with. Leaving the evils of society to work their own cure, is just as suicidal as it is for a patient, in a dangerous but not incurable condition, to refuse the medicines which his physician may prescribe.

"This sermon of the reverend gentleman may be regarded more in the light of an introductory lecture on crime and criminals than as a complete essay on this all important subject. He suggested no new means whereby thieves or prostitutes could be reformed, but merely pointed out, in touching and eloquent language, the dangers to which the thief was exposed, his fears, his continual dread of the law's officials, and of a city or a State prison ever staring him in the face. In striking contrast, he showed the peaceful life the true Christian led, who, awake or asleep, felt the fear of none in the world. In concluding his discourse the reverend gentleman gave a parting word of advice to his brethren, which was well timed. If a sister who had fallen from her high estate should reform and become a member of the church it was their duty to encourage her, and what she had been should be blotted out from their memories. The object of the sermon may have been in some respects a failure, but it will certainly accomplish one grand end, in arousing the minds of the people to the important question of what is to be done with our criminals."

REV. WILLIAM P. CORBIT PREACHING TO "THIEVES AND HARLOTS" IN THE GREENE STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ON APRIL 1, 1860.



THE PIRATES BOARDING THE BRIG.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

BY

LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSET.

NOT a breath from the lungs of Æolus. The sun went down like a globe of fire; but just as it touched the horizon it flattened out into an oval disk, and, sinking behind a dead, slate-colored cloud, shot up half a dozen broad rose and purple bands, expanding as they mounted heavenward, and then fading away in pearly-tinted hues in the softening twilight until it mingled in the light of the half-moon nearly at the zenith. Presently, along the eastern horizon, the banks of clouds, which had been lying dead and motionless all the sultry day, seemed to be imbued with life, and separating in their fleecy masses, mounted up above the sea, and soon spread out, like a lady's fan, in all directions.

"Ho! ho!" shouted Captain Blunt, clapping his hands, "what said I, Madame Rosalie, when we saw the sun setting up his lee backstays a while ago? A breeze, eh? Come, Mr. Binks, be wide awake! We shall be bowling off the knots before the watch is out."

The mate caught the enthusiasm of the skipper, and jumping up on the break of the deck cabin, he sung out:

"D'ye hear there, lads! give us a good pull of the topsail halliards, and round in them starboard braces a bit! That's your sort! Well, the head yards! That'll do with the main! Up with the flying jib, and trim aft them starboard jib and staysail sheets! There! Belay all."

Now came the rippling breeze all at once over the sea, fluttering furtively for a minute or two, so as to make the topsails of the brig swell out and then fall back in a tremendous shiver; but again bulging forward in a full-breasted curve, the vessel felt the tug and began to dash the spray from her bluff bows till it fell away beyond the lee cathead in flying masses of foam. The studding-sail booms rolled out, the sailors busied themselves aloft in making the additional sail, and by-and-by the old brig floundered along, the bubbles gurgling out ahead in the ruffled water, tipping over astern as the crests broke on her quarter; at times plunging her bows into the rolling swell, but coming up sturdily again, and so on as before.

Meanwhile, the corvette had edged away in a parallel course with the brig, running past her at first as if she were at anchor, when she let her topgallant-sails slide down to the caps and, with the weather clew of her mainsail triced up, she held way with the brig a mile or more to windward.

"Now, Madame Rosalie," said the kind old skipper, "it is nearly midnight; take your last snooze in the old barky, and wake up bright and happy for Port Royal and—you know who, in the morning."

The charming woman had been watching, with soul-rapt gaze, the lofty hills of Jamaica from the last blaze of the setting sun and until the moon too had vanished and left only a dim blue haze over the island. She started as the Captain spoke, gave a deep sigh, kissed her hand to the good old skipper, said, "*Bon soir mon ami*," and with a smile she entered her cabin.

The black was seated within the partition of the apartment near a small swinging cot, urging it gently to and fro, and watching over his little charge.

"Good-night, Banou," she said, in patois French, "you may go to bed, and I will take care of my little boy."

The black grinned so as to show his double range of white teeth beneath the rays of the cabin lamp, and without a word he moved silently away. The lady stood for a few moments gazing lovingly at the sleeping child, and then drawing the miniature from her bosom, she detached it with the chain from her neck, and after pressing it to her lips, she leaned softly over the cot and fastened it around the little sleeper. As light and zephyr-like as was the effort it caused the little fellow to stir, and reaching out his tiny arms, and while a baby smile played around the dimples of his cheeks, he clasped his mother's neck.

Ah! fond and devoted mother! That was the last sweet infantile caress your child was ever destined to give you! Treasure it up in joy and sorrow, in sunshine and gloom, for long, long years will pass before you press him to your heart again!

CHAPTER V.

DARKNESS.

ON went the *Martha Blunt* with no fears of danger near. The bell struck eight, the watch had been called, and the Captain, taking a satisfactory look all around the horizon, glanced at the compass, and, with a slight yawn, said:

"Well, Mr. Binks, I b'lieve I'll turn in for a few hours; keep the brig on her course, and at daylight call me. It will be time enough then to bend the cables, for I don't think we shall want the anchors much afore noon to-morrow. Where's the corvette?"

"There she is, Sir, away off on the port beam. She made more sail a few minutes ago, and now she appears to be edging off the wind and steering across our forefoot. I s'pose she's enjoying of herself, Sir, and exercisin' the crowds of chaps they has on board them craft."

"Well, good-night, matey"—pausing a moment, however, as the honest old skipper stepped down the companion-way, and half-communing with himself, and then, with his head just above the slide, he added: "I say, Mr. Binks, there's no need, p'r'aps, but you may as well have a lantern alight and bent on to the ensign halliards there under the taffrail, in case you want to signalize the corvette. Ah, Banou! that you, old nigger? Good-night!"

So Captain Blunt went slowly down below, and at the same time the black went aft, coiled himself down on the deck, and made a pillow of the brig's ensign.

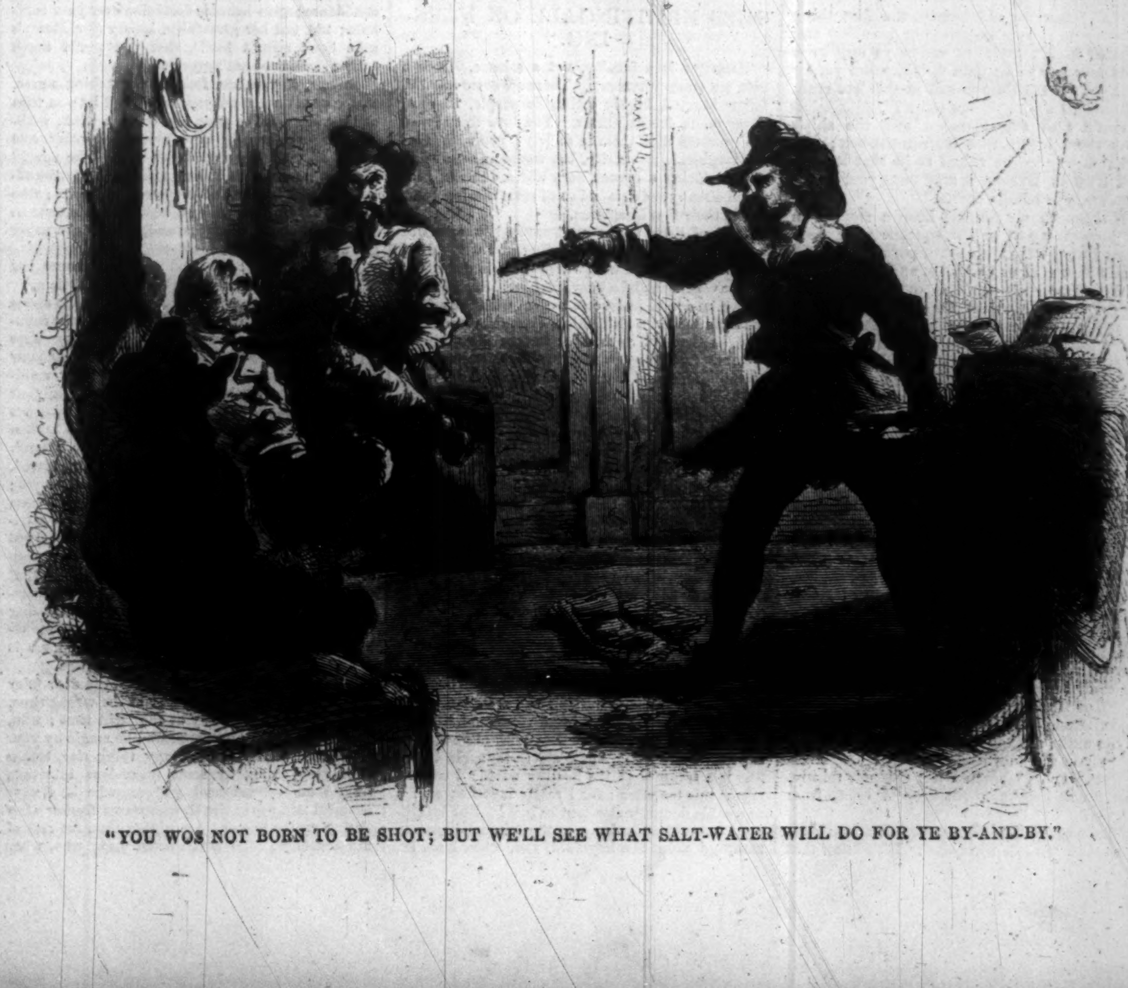
"Here comes the corvette, Sir!" soon after said Ben to the mate, as he stood on tip-toe holding on to the spokes of the wheel, and taking his eyes off the binnacle a moment to get a clear view over the rail. "Here she comes, with her starboard tacks aboard, athwart our bow, and moving like an albatross!"

The man-of-war had for an hour or more crept well to windward, and then, wearing round, she came down close upon the wind under royals, and her three jibs and spanker as flat as boards. As she whirled on across the brig's bow, a few cables' length ahead, the sharp ring of the whistles was again heard, and the moment after the head sails fluttered and shook in the wind, the sheets and blocks rattled, and with a clear order of "Mainsail haul!" the after yards swung round like magic, the sails filled, and without losing head-way the head yards were swung, and she gathered way on the other tack. On she came, with the spray flying up into the weather leech of her foresail, the dark mazes of her rigging marked out in clear lines against her white canvas, and the watch noiselessly coiling up the ropes on her decks. As she pushed her sharp snout through the water, and grazed along the brig's lee quarter, an officer on the poop gave a rapid and searching glance around, peered sharply along the brig's deck, waved his trumpet to the mate, and resumed his rapid tramp to windward. In ten minutes after she had passed the brig's wake nothing was seen of her save a dark, dim outline; a light halo reflected on the water from her white streak, and an occasional luminous flash of foam as it bounded away from her lean bows.

Half an hour went by. The mate was sitting on the weather rail droning out an old sea song to himself, and the four or five men of the watch were dozing away along the bulwarks. Presently, however, Ben, the helmsman, happened to let his eyes wander away from the compass-card for a moment, as he steadied the wheel by his legs and bit a quid from his plug of nigger-head to last him to suck for the remainder of the watch, when, glancing beneath the bulging folds of the lee clew of the mainsail, he clapped both paws again on the steering spokes, and shouted:

"Mr. Mate, here's a sail close under our lee beam!"

"Where?" said Binks. But before he had fairly time to run over to the other side of the vessel and take a look for himself, a quick rattle of oars was heard as a boat grated against the brig's side, and before you could think a swarm of fellows started up like so many shadows above the rail. In five seconds they had jumped on the deck, Ben fell like a bullock from a blow from the butt-end of a pistol, the helm was jammed hard down, the lee braces let fly, and, as the old brig gave a lurching yaw in bringing her nose to windward, the weather leeches shivered violently in the wind, and, taking flat aback, the studding-sail booms snapped short off at the irons, and, with the sails, fell slamming and thumping below. Meanwhile the mate had barely time to spring to the companion-way and sing out, "We're boarded by pirates, Captain Blunt!" when he, too, received an ugly overhand lick from a cutlass on his skull, and went senseless and bleeding down the hatchway like a scuttle of coals. At the first noise, however, the black, Banou, sprang to his feet, and as he caught a glimpse of the fellows swarming over the side he snatched hold of the ensign halliards where the signal lantern had been bent on, and in an instant it was dancing away up to the gaff, shrouded from view to leeward of the vessel by the spread of the spanker. In another moment the black leaped to the deck cabin and darted through the door. But in less time than it has taken to tell it the *Martha Blunt* had changed hands. There on the quarter-deck stood, in groups, some sixteen barefooted villains, in coarse striped gingham shirts, loose trowsers, and skull-caps, and all with glittering, naked knives or cutlasses, and pistols in their belts and hands. In the midst of this cluster of swarthy wretches, near the companion-way, stood a burly, square-built ruffian, with a pistol in his right hand, and his dexter paw pushing up a brown straw-hat as he ran his fingers across his dripping forehead



"YOU WOS NOT BORN TO BE SHOT; BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT SALT-WATER WILL DO FOR YE BY-AND-BY."

and a tangled mass of carroty, unshorn locks. There was a wisp of a red silk kerchief tied in a single knot around his bare bull neck; the shirt was thrown back, and exposed a tawny, hairy chest, as a ray of light flashed up from the binnacle. He looked—as indeed he was—the lowest type of an English sailor scoundrel. His companions were of lighter build, and their dress, complexion, and manner—to say nothing of their black hair and rings in their ears—indicated a birth and breeding in other and hotter climes.

"Well, my lads," said the big fellow, who seemed to be in command, "the barkey is ours, and we've cheated that infernal cruiser handsomely. Go forward, Pedro, and gag them lubbers, and then tell the boys to trim aft them jib sheets; and round in them after braces, some of you, so we can keep way with the schooner and take things easy."

Here he laughed in a husky, spirituous, low chuckle, and then went on: "This will make up for lost time, amigos! Christo! there may be some ounces on board. But who's left in the boat, Miguel?" This was addressed to a bow-legged, 'beetle-browed individual, with a hare-lip, which kept his face in a perpetual and skeleton-like grin, who hissed out from between his decayed front tusks:

"*El Doctor, Señor, con tres de nosotros.*"

"Bueno! all right; three of the chaps will do to look out for her, but tell the Doctor to drop the boat astern, and veer him a rope from the gangway. There! that's well with the braces! Keep her off a point; so that'll do."

As the orders were promptly obeyed, and the crew of the brig gagged, and the vessel surged slowly on her course, the same speaker turned to his men and said,

"Now, my hearties, let's have an overhaul of the skipper! Hand him up here, will ye? or never mind," he added, "I'll just step down and have a growl with him myself."

As the mate pitched head foremost down the companion ladder, two of the pirates jumped after him, and, dealing him another cruel stab with a knife deep into the back, they passed on into the lower cabin. There was a brief struggle, the sound of voices mingled with curses and threats, and then all quiet again.

In pursuance of his expressed purpose, the stout ruffian slewed himself round, took a sweep about the horizon, then sticking his pistol in its belt, he slowly descended the ladder, gave the wounded and dying mate a kick, and with a hoarse laugh entered the cabin.

There on a small sofa abaft, between the two stern air-ports, sat Captain Blunt. Blood was trickling down in heavy drops from a lacerated bruise on his forehead, but notwithstanding the swelling and pain of the wound, his features were calm, stern, and honest. On either side of him sat as villainous a brace of mongrel Portuguese or Spaniards as ever infested the high seas; and his arms were pinioned by a stout cord to the bolt above the transom.

"My sarvice to you, Sir!" said the leader of the gang, with a devilish smile of derision, as he stuck his arms akimbo and squirted some tobacco-juice from his filthy mouth across the cabin table at the pinioned prisoner.

"I s'pose you know by this time that you're a lawful prize, captured by an Hindependent Constable of the West Indies, notwithstandin' ye had sich safe escort and convoy all the arternoon."

Here he chuckled, squirted more juice over the table, then dropped down on a sea-chest cleated to the deck, took off his hat and scratched his yellow red hair. The poor Captain said not a word but shook a great clot of blood from his brow.

"Well! now my old hearty, the first thing for you to do is to poke out your manifest and any other little matters of vallew ye may have stowed away; and be dam quick, mind ye, for you haven't much time to sail in this 'ere craft. Howsoever, I s'pose ye can swim?"

"You'll find the Manifest and the ship's papers there inside that instrument-box; and all the money in the vessel is in that locker; and I trust in Heaven it may burn your hands to cinders, you bloody devils!"

"Ho! smash my brains! keep a stopper on your jaw, blast ye! or I'll squeeze your dead carcass through that 'ere starn port."

The fellow rose as he spoke, and, stepping up to the narrow state-cabin near by, he jerked open the upper drawer of a small bureau affair, and pulling out a canvas bag, sealed at the mouth, tossed it on to the cabin table. The coin fell with the heavy dead sound peculiar to gold, and the ruffian, after taking it up again and weighing it tenderly, growled out, "This chink will do for a yapper at any rate! So now let's have a peep at what the cargo consists on."

Then stepping a second time to the berth, he gave a kick to the instrument-box, the lid flew off, and diving in his fist he drew out a bundle of papers. Once more seating himself at the table beneath the swinging lamp, he clumsily undid the papers and spread them before him.

"What a blessed thing is edication," muttered he to himself, "and what a power o' knowledge reading 'riting does for a man!" Putting his fat stumpy finger on each line of the manuscript as he slowly began to spell out the contents, he began, "Man-i-fest of Brig *Martha Blunt*—Ja-cob Blunt mas-ter:" here he paused, and, squirting more tobacco-juice over at the skipper, as if to attract his attention, he suddenly ejaculated, "Hark ye! Master Blunt, what was the name of that man-o'-war vessel as was l-in' by you this morning?"

"The *Scourge*," replied the skipper, faintly, as he shook another great drop of blood from his brow.

"The what? The *Scourge!* That dam Yankee snake! Smash my brains! D'ye know that that ship has been a hangin' about the north side of Cuba for ever so long, interruptin' our trade? And you an Englishman to go and ax him to purtect ye! Blast your eyes, take that!"

Here he snatched a pistol from his sash, and taking aim full at the skipper's breast, he pulled the trigger. Fortunately the weapon snapped and did not explode. The ruffian held it a moment in his hand, and then letting it rest upon the table, he said, with a horrible imprecation,

"Ye see you wos not born to be shot; but we'll see what salt-water will do for ye by-and-by."

Taking out his knife at the conclusion of this speech, he picked the flint of his pistol, opened the pan, shook the priming, and then shoved the weapon back in his belt. The mention of the *Scourge*, however, had evidently caused him some trepidation, for when he resumed the perusal of the Manifest it was in a hurried, agitated sort of way, and not at all at his ease.

Smoothing the papers again before him, he went on, making running commentaries as he read: "Eighty-six cases of silks—light, and easily stowed away; twenty-nine tons bar iron; sixty-four sugar-kettles—dam that! it will help to sink the brig; forty pipes of Bordeaux; two hundred baskets Champagne; three hundred and fifty boxes of claret—sour stuff, I warrant you; two casks Cognac brandy—but I say, you Blunt," said the fellow, looking up, "where's your own private bottle? it's thirsty work spellin' out all this 'ritin', and my mouth's as dry as a land crab's claws. Howsoever," he continued, as he caught the glance of satisfaction which came over the swarthy faces of his companions beside the Captain, "wait a bit, and we'll punch a hole in a fresh barrel presently."

Having run through the Manifest, he opened another paper and exclaimed, "Hello! what have we here? List of passengers—Ma-dame Rosalie Piron and—ho! that's a French piece, I knows by the name. Where is she? Hasn't died on the v'yage, has she? D'ye hear, there, ye infarnal Blunt?"

The Captain's face was troubled, and his head dropped down on his breast without replying; but one of the scoundrels at his side struck him a brutal blow with the back of his knife-hilt on the mouth, and jerking up he said, with an effort, "Yes, we have a female passenger on board, with a helpless child; but I pray you, in God's name, to leave the innocent woman in peace. You've robbed and ruined me and my poor old wife—turn me adrift if you like, drown or hang me, but don't harm the poor lady!"

The tears blinded him as he spoke, and mingled with the bloody stream which trickled down his cheeks. The ruffian's ugly face and bloodshot eyes lighted up with a devilish and sinister satisfaction as the skipper began his appeal, but before he had well finished speaking he broke in:

"Avast your jaw! will ye? You'll have enough to look out for your own gullet, my lad, without mindin' any body else's; so turn to and say your prayers afore eight bells is struck, becase there's sharks off Jamaiky."

Then addressing his own scoundrelly myrmidons he exclaimed, "Look out sharp for that old chap, my lads, while I goes to sarch for the woman passenger!"

"*Si, Señor,*" replied the man with a nod and a grin, and he resumed his seat again; and no sooner had their leader left the cabin than a bottle and glasses were placed upon the table, and they fell to with a will, complimenting the bound and wounded prisoner by pitching the last drops from their tumblers into his face.

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON NURSING.

Nursing is a faculty, not a science. It is a gift, not an acquirement. There are some worthy, tender-hearted, highly estimable people, who can never make decent nurses. You love them; you are charmed with them in society; you wish them all imaginable prosperity, but would as soon think of introducing a French horn and a dancing bear round about your sick-bed as of surrendering yourself to their best intentions.

First of these is the good-natured, unscientific nurse, whose shibboleth is feeding, and who thinks that nothing can go well where there is not cheerful conversation and a busy kitchen. Such a nurse I have known to insist on a patient with the yellow jaundice taking a rich, thick, chrome-colored custard, as the best restorative for the disorganized system. Such a nurse will open the curtains, draw up the blinds, and throw wide the windows when a German band is playing underneath, to relieve the tedium of a patient groaning and flushing under congestion of the brain; such a nurse has, before now, pressed wine and brandy on a patient in the agonies of internal inflammation; and has engaged him in a lively chat as the finest remedy for a nervous headache. This is the nurse who despises doctors and puts her trust in old women and the butcher; who shudders at gray-powder and prefers herb tea; who always thinks you are being brought too low, even when your pulse is mad with fever. This nurse is the dearest creature in the world for the drawing-room days of life. Round, bright-eyed, cheery, voluble, warm-hearted, she is the delight of the house, and the jolliest companion in the world: but I pray that none but my critics or my enemies may ever know her when she is under the belief that she is nursing to perfection. She is herself blessed with a large volume of life and a strong nervous organization, with big lungs, a big heart, and a big, but coarsely-textured brain. She is a treasure to the healthy world: I can not repeat this too often; for I really love her, such a fine noble domestic elephant as it is! But bright-eyed treasure, stay down in the drawing-room, or rampage about the hay-field, and, when I am ill, never put so much as the tip of that beloved blunt nose inside the lintel of my door!

And take your sister with you: your sister is a Muff, and Muffs are as objectionable as elephants, when the knocker is tied up. Muff, too, is a precious creature for the healthy hours; a tender, clinging, loving soul, full of sensibility and kindness: a universal favorite, who, every one declares, must make one of the best of nurses. Try her, my friend; try her for one week, and surely at the end of it you will give up the ghost—or her. Muff's theory of nursing is comprised (she being, of course, your wife) in incessant personal attention, and incessant personal caresses. When you are fainting for air Muff will hang over you, between you and the window, stifling you with her soft weight upon your chest, and her soft warm hands upon your forehead. Muff is always praising your patience, your firmness, your gentleness; exaggerating your sufferings to your face, and making a far mightier fuss about every little occurrence than even you think, with all your sick selfishness, is warranted by the circumstances. It would take a strong man to live through a month of Muff's bedside practice. She is rarely still, though I am bound to say she is creepy gentleness itself, and does every thing in whispers. She softly tells you that your head is too low when it is rather too high, and she drags in another pillow, which she pushes and pats under you in the most irritating manner; or just as you have found out a comfortable corner in the bolster, which you have pulled shockingly awry and feebly manipulated into symmetry with your person, Muff tenderly insists that it is uncomfortable, kisses you lovingly, drags up your head, and pushes back the bolster to its mathematical precision of place. She whispers in your ear till she sends you mad; and pets you till you would beat her, if she were any body else, and you were strong enough. "Poor fellow!" whispers Muff—you are half asleep, in a quiet doze, and in a wonderfully easy position, for her patient—"poor fellow, it is getting time for your nasty medicine; so don't go to sleep, there's a dear!" It wants twenty minutes of the time, and you have not really slept for weeks; but you were just then so tranquil and so comfortable! Muff would be bitterly hurt if told that she is worse than useless in a sick-room. Indeed it is the most aggravating circumstance in her case that you love her with all your heart, and to complain (one of the invalid's greatest comforts) would be almost next to murdering her.

Then there is the conscientious nurse, hard and practical: the blind machine which goes on turning its own handle according to the tune set for it by the doctor. Grimbones can not judge for herself. She can obey orders, can Grimbones, and act faithfully, and with punctuality and precision; but she has no originality, and must work according to the pattern of a master. If the doctor says that certain medicines—sleeping draughts, for instance—are to be given every three hours, and forgets to add "until they take effect," Grimbones, ruthless as death, sits gauntly staring at the clock, and wakes you up at that exact minute your draught is due, although you were in a sweet and dreamless sleep, which was the very effect the medicine was intended to produce. But Grimbones has always held that obedience is the cardinal virtue. There are moral pedantries in nursing as well as any thing else. Grimbones is a family pedant; almost invariably with square shoulders, a flat back, and bony hands, who dresses in black made skimp and light, and usually loves a merino neck-shawl pinned primly to her waist, and a half-mourning—always looking like a half dirty—cap. Grimbones is a good woman, but an awful nurse too; a gaunt being to hover round a sick man's helpless bed. She is usually your mother-in-law. Therefore give Grimbones the keys of the store-room and the wine-cellar with perfect confidence; give her also dominion over your servants; but tell her gratefully, kindly (for Mercy's sake don't affront her!), that you would much rather she would not nurse you.

Escape, if you can, from the watching nurse, whose eye is never off you, who won't let you turn or lift your arm, or your leg, or even wink, without her interference; who bores you every five minutes by asking "what you would like now?" who can never let well alone, and has the profoundest contempt for the healing powers of nature; who thinks that constitutions are babies, and have to be lifted on their legs every second, as they can never get up of themselves.

I think I prefer her, and even Grimbones and Muff, to Aunt Grewsome. When that little gray woman hears that any of her family is ill she starts by express train from any remote part of the country to take possession of them, as if they were an estate. Not only you, but your wife and your children, and your man-servant and your maid-servant, and even the stranger that is within your gates, succumb to her iron will. Every body obeys her sharp, short directions—snapped off in broken sentences by her teeth—as if subject to a spell. She is so short and so active (active in a measured, angular way) that she never seems to sit down; the most she can do is to lean her little person against the edge of a seat. Then comes the terrible moment for housemaids. Then it is that Aunt Grewsome darts cutting glances into the corners of rooms and under sofas and beds. Then it is that you, helpless and forlorn, feel that the management of the banished wife of your bosom is being impugned, and your whole establishment mercilessly criticised. I dare say Aunt Grewsome is not wholly unknown to some of my readers.

But last and best of all, there is the dear fairy nurse, who is never in the way at the wrong time, and never out of the way at the right time; who, when you wish for her, appears like magic by your side, and, when you want any thing else, brings that very thing, by some marvelous intuition, from some unexplained source; who is always cheerful and never tired; who seems fresher after sitting up for two or three nights than the rest of the household after seven hours' bed; who, when you can sit up, achieves worlds of ease and comfort with pillows, and bits of board, and cozy foot-stools; who tells you exactly what you ought to know, and won't let you be bothered with any news that might worry you; whose sympathy, though tender, is invigorating, for she never "poor-fellows!" you, as Muff does a hundred times a day; who does your work for you in a quiet, unostentatious way, and contrives to let you have the impression that it did itself, like the tangled wool or golden web of fairy tales; who makes jellies which no confectioner could approach, and mulls claret as if she had been taught the process by a special secret. This fairy nurse, this ideal of a sick-bed guardian, this exquisite undertaking of nature, reconciles you to nursing womanhood in general, and makes you once more believe in the good gifts of feminality. I know such a nurse; with heart, head, and senses in unfailing harmony. Under her delightful ministrations it is almost a pleasure to be ill. Such a nurse is like the poet, "born, not made." But even she may be benefited by scientific rules. Indeed, she is almost the only kind of nurse who can be so benefited; for all the rest only add a little scientific pedantry to their other qualifications or disqualifications for their work.

The most sensible book ever written on the subject is Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing. Her rule of rules, the one which stands as the first commandment on which hang all the rest, is "TO KEEP THE AIR THE PATIENT BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR WITHOUT CHILLING HIM." No airing of a sick-room by means of inside windows, or doors opening into corridors, passages, halls, courts, or any other inclosed space. The outside air, and when it blows freshest and freest, is all that she will admit. With that commandment firmly established next comes the need of some special and additional external warmth in the chilly hours of early morning, when the patient's vital powers are low, and before the food and warmth of the day have roused him up, either to healthy action or to feverish heat; and at all times —morning, noon, and night alike—in weak, protracted, or collapsed cases, where very often the patient is lost for want of this one matter of simple care and forethought. Hot bottles, hot flannels, warm drinks, a good fire, and perpetual attention to the bodily condition, are needed in such cases; and all this extra external warmth can go on together, with the prescribed amount of ventilation from the outside. "People don't catch cold in bed," says Miss Nightingale: a truth that can not be too strongly insisted on those who have to attend to the sick or the aged.

In the matter of cleanliness it is enough to say that nothing can be too fastidiously clean and delicate for the proper management of a sick-room. No dirty rags left fluttering about; no airing of damp linen or steaming towels before the sick-room fire; no superfluous drapery any where, and not a rag of carpet if possible to be done without; no dirty pots and pans, with hideous Jacobian messes swimming on the hob; no unwashed glasses, with the lip mark left in filthy ripples at the edge, nor spoons with the oil in a clammy cloud about the bowl, or with the dregs of the draught congregated into a mahogany-colored pool; not the smallest thing about that could shock the keenest sense of nose or eye, and then, perhaps, you may come up to the mark of the needful amount of sick-room cleanliness. Make no noise, or as little as need be; but for the sake of suffering humanity do not imitate Muff, and think that whispering and creeping about on tiptoes means sick-room silence. These are almost worse than our dear elephant's mode of slapping things down with a bang, and of speaking to you from the door, as if she were hailing a man-of-war. "A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand, are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain hand. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such. Quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible." A rustling nurse is an abomination; a nurse with crinoline, silk petticoats, creaking stays, or squeaking shoes, with keys that jingle in her pocket, with a chain that flaps against her steel buckle, with jingling bracelets or charms, or even with floating ribbons, is absolutely inadmissible in a sick-room, and should be gently shown the door at the earliest opportunity.

Never stand or fidget about when the patient speaks with you, and always sit where he can see you without turning his head. Be quiet and motionless when you speak to him, and never gesticulate. Speak with an even voice, without undue emphasis, without drawl, and with no hesitation; and never speak from behind the door, or from the fire-place, or with your back turned. Never speak at all or walk quickly toward him while your patient is standing or moving about: "a patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies," and if you would but wait ten seconds, or walk ten yards farther, any promenade he could make would be over. Under no pretense whatever wake him out of his sleep. "He who sleeps dines," says the hungry Frenchman, gayly; and he who sleeps in sickness is getting all the good which food or medicine could give him. Never tell your patient of any irresolution, doubt, or change in your own mind. "People who think outside their heads," who count aloud every link in the chain of thought, have no business with the sick, for they fatigue them by their changes of imagination quite as much as if they had carried the poor weak limbs as many yards or miles as they proposed. Leave the sick-room quickly, and come in quickly—not with a rush, not suddenly, and like a bull, but lightly and decidedly; not as if you were leaving half your mind behind you, and the other half were turning round to seek it. "Conciseness and decision in your movements are as necessary in the sick-room as absence of hurry and bustle. To possess yourself entirely will insure you from either failing, either loitering or hurrying." Reading aloud to the sick is an exercise to be very rarely followed, and then only under strict charge, of

clear, distinct, even-toned, and not lengthy trials: taking care that every word is heard distinctly, that there is no mouthing, and no plunging, and that the course is short and unfatiguing.

"Variety of form and brilliancy of color in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery;" wherefore, by all means gather together as much variety as possible. Hang up an engraving where the patient can see it, and change it every day, or week, or month, as may be; have a growing plant or a few cut flowers near the patient; let the light come in freely and lovingly, unless in such cases as make it painful and hurtful; and, if possible, let the bed be so placed that he can look at the view beyond, and gather into his sick soul a little of the health and vigor of the natural world. Let him have bright and cheerful subjects for thought, and win his mind as much as possible from the eternal contemplation of his own miseries, and the terrible self-consciousness which creeps over us all during illness. But this variety must be given temperately and judiciously; care must be taken not to fatigue by a too rapid change, or by the exhibition of colors or of objects which, through some idiosyncrasy or other, exhaust and depress rather than stimulate and encourage. Again, so soon as the sick can use their hands, let them. Let them have a little needle-work, a little netting, a little manual labor of same kind. The doing faculty is so large an instinct with humanity that absolute idleness soon becomes one of the most intolerable of curses.

Never let a patient see his food raw, or smell it in the process of cooking, or know any thing about it until it is presented to him warm, tempting, and at the right moment, when his appetite is most craving. Hours of appetite vary in different individuals, and it is well to study their period of recurrence in the particular case under charge. If twelve be better than two, or four than six, make the principal meal appear at the desired hour. It is mere pedantry to say that one o'clock, or twelve, or two, is to be the hour of dinner, liked or not; and that it is the wholesomest time, and that people must do what is right. People, sick people at least, will only do what they like; and what they like is generally Nature's own mode of expressing her opinion as to what they ought to do and ought to have. Do not leave uneaten food by the patient; and, unless you wish him to eat nothing at all, do not let him "always have something beside him." Be careful that every thing about his meals is scrupulously clean, and that every article of food is fresh and in good condition. Be chary of jellies, except as refreshment for a parched mouth, but do not trust to them for nourishment; and with beef-tea, regard it rather as containing a "certain reparative quality, we do not know what," than as so much actual nourishment. Dr. Christison says of beef-tea, that "possibly it belongs to a new denomination of remedies;" for patients can take this who reject every thing else, and can maintain life on it into the bargain. Cream, in many long chronic cases, is irreplaceable by any other article whatever: milk stands next to it. Eggs are seldom to be admitted, excepting, perhaps, beaten up with wine; and, save in the case of scorbutic patients, who crave for them, sweets, jams, sugared drinks, or sugared tea, come under the strictest ban. Especially with fever patients, whose furred tongues and parched throats demand something sharp or pungent. Tea and coffee are both good as restoratives, but tea is the best, being the more digestible; yet neither ought to be given after five o'clock in the afternoon, as both help to keep up the excitement which causes sleepless nights. On the other hand, a cup of tea given at five or six in the morning, after one of these sleepless nights, will often tranquilize and compose the patient, and send him off into a sleep of two or three hours. Typhus patients often refuse their tea, and one of the first signs of their recovery is their asking for it again. Some attempts have been made to substitute cocoa for tea and coffee; but independently of the fact that the many sick dislike it, it has no restorative power. It is an oily starchy nut that increases fat, and does no more. "It is pure mockery of the sick to call it a substitute for tea;" and "for any renovating stimulus it has, you might just as well offer them chestnuts instead of tea," says Miss Nightingale, scornfully. Arrow-root is an excellent vehicle for wine, but has no great nutritive power in itself; buttermilk is often of exceeding service, especially in fevers; even cheese has been found of much value, and that too under circumstances of disease which would seem specially to exclude it. But Nature sometimes plays false to all known science, and asserts her independence in the most extraordinary language.

"Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever—in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding:" a symptom of piles of mattresses, with perhaps a feather-bed or two on the top, never unpicked, never cleansed, never changed or aired, and saturated with the moisture of the patient. Have only an iron bedstead with a thin mattress, light Witney blankets, no counterpane, no valance, no curtains. If possible, have two such beds for the very sick, who are obliged to be always in bed, and change the patient's resting-place every twelve hours. In the mean time, hang up the bed-clothes to air, and throw the bed open for the same purpose. Let the bed be low; if you make it too high the patient feels like a sandwich between floor and ceiling; and let it be even with the throat of the chimney, and that in the current of best air; also let it be small, so that a nurse can easily manage it alone. Do not place it with one side to the wall; never put a tray down on it; let it be set in the lightest part of the room, and where the patient can look out of the window; in case of bed-sores, eschew blankets underneath, for they act as poultices and retain the damp. And let there be light—sunlight purifies, renovates, strengthens; unless in certain acute, nervous, or ophthalmic cases, light is almost always craved by the sick—always and without exception by the weakly convalescent, to whom it acts as a tonic and a stimulant. If possible, have your walls painted with oil paint, which can be washed; cultivate a horror of the ordinary unglazed bed-room papers, which absorb the dirt from the air, can not be cleansed, and are mostly held to their places by putrid paste. Abolish carpets, and have the floor perpetually swept and washed. Never offer advice. "Chattering hopes and advices" are moral nuisances that can not be admitted for a moment. To talk cheerfully is not to exaggerate chances of recovery, or to make light of present danger; sympathy does not mean the proffering of all sorts of wild opinions, when the medical man is in strict attendance and must know best what ought to be done—when, too, the adviser does not know all the facts of the case, nor the circumstances of the patient, and can only judge of the broken leg by looking at the bed-clothes. Have immense faith in "baby." Bring in baby for a minute, or a quarter of an hour, as the case may be; and those cool lips, those little fresh unconscious hands, those sweet wondering radiant eyes, will help the poor patient more than all the stupid words of all the foolish people in the world. Baby is a blessed creature in the sick-room, and has its little mission of cheerfulness and good. And a bit of pleasant news, a bit of good fortune happening to any of your friends, is good too, and brings a little of the outside cheerfulness of life flushing like health and youth into the chamber.

The chief mental or intellectual quality in a nurse is, perhaps, the power of observation. An observant nurse is as great a mistake as Elephant or Muff, and the rest of the failures I have spoken of; a nurse who confounds instead of distinguishing between similar symptoms, is apt to lead her patient with no lagging step into the grave. But this is a knowledge which comes only by experience, actual bedside experience, coupled with superior teaching, and, therefore, the want of it should not be too severely visited. It only helps us to understand the full importance of competent nursing, and to hope, with Miss Nightingale, that this may be made a matter of scientific training and teaching, and that all professional nurses, at least, may be obliged to go through a regular system of instruction which shall qualify them for their work into something very different from Grimbones or Mrs. Gamp.

To this end, and to every other end ever so remotely connected with nurses of every grade, and with nursing of every kind, Miss Nightingale's Notes will conduce more effectually than any thing that has ever been written or spoken on the subject.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

NO. II.

Washington City, *April* 9, 1860.

Just tew think, dear Uncle Jack, that I'm a stayin' here tew the White House, as sosherble as a schoolmaster who boards 'round his district, and is pop'lar with the children. Why, Mr. Buchanan ain't no more stuck up than our minister, and wears a white cravat jist like him. As for Miss Lane, his neice—there, 'tain't no use—she's one of the puttyest gals ever you seed in all your born days. 'Tain't no wonder, when you know her, that her Uncle Jeemes hain't never got married, for she looks arter all his things, and never bothers him none. Sumbody needn't be jelus tho', for as John Bunyun ses in his Paradise Lost,

"My heart's down East, wherever I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
And though the putty girls here ain't slow,
My heart's down East wherever I go!"

The President gits up bright and early, I tell you, and likes tew see other folks out afore's tems tew drive the cous tew pastur. Then he shaves himself, not fancyin' moustayshees, and ties on his cravat, and looks fit tew examin' a school. Then he reads his neus paper, the *Constitushon*, but I don't see nuthin' funny in it, tho' they dew say it's masterly good property, and pays powerful well.

About half arter seven—sharp—breakfast's ready, down in the little dinin'-room, where there's picturs of Washington and Jackson. The restorator, I s'pose they call him, but ain't sure, is a Britisher named Goodchild, who cum over with a feller named Bulver, and finally got this place. He's a sollum sort of a Mr., and the furst day or tew I tho't he wos a Kabinet officer. But he gits up tall eatin', I tell yew; and havin' eat no great a cumin' here on that consarned skuner, I've put in considerible spry.

Well, arter breakfast Mr. Buchanan walks about a little, and then goes up tew his offis, wher he gits his letturs. Sich a grist on 'em, tew! It's lucky he hain't got no postage tew pay, I tell yew; and I'd rather read the warrant callin' a town meetin' in March than tew read 'em all. But he does read 'em, and some he ansurs, and some he tears rite up, and some he gives to little Jeemes Buchanan, his secreterry, who has a masterly perlite little old chap a helpin' him write.

Then the Memburs of Congress come, and they all, ses the President, have axes tew grind. I hain't seen no grind-stone yet, but sort o' guess there's one in his offis, for some on 'em cum eout a lookin' pale and misurrebel. Powerful urgent they be, these here members, arter all sorts of places, 'specially for boys as West Pinters, or in the Middshipper's School, or pages. What the last is I dunno, but guess they take there leaves and goes to forrin parts.

Well, Fridays am Kabinet days, but other days the President's tew hum tew the people when they hist the flags up on the State House to call in the Congressers, jist as in Downinvil' we stick eout a little red culler for the baker tew stop. And ain't there a crowd! Mighty Cain! Why, the dépôt down tew Portland ain't northin' tew it. And they all want sumthin'—gen'rally offices or sumthin' tew draw pay fur. But he shakes 'em off rapidly, I tell yew, jist as Enoch Greenleaf sells furniture tew aucshun, never stoppin' tew dwell. I shud think he'd git eout of all pashents, but it seems tew agree with him, tho' when two o'clock strikes the sho's over, and those who go eout don't get no chexs.

Then the President writes his letters, and sees perticuler people till three o'clock, when he walks eout. He's got four hosses, and tew hacks, and fellers to drive all rigged eout in uniform, but he leves them fur Miss Lane, and stubs it off as independent as tho' he had money tew interest.

At five there's dinner. Can't say I fancy it, fur the things ain't put on the table at furst, and no one noes how much tew eat. But it's all mighty nice, and Miss Lane talks tew me about Downingville, and we drinks tew yew in sum Callerfornia champain, which is a good sort ov cider, fixed up with salleratus tew make it bubble mightily.

When he can, the President goes inter a parler, fixed up mighty nice; but he soon steles off up in his offis, and lites his seegar, and talks. Any how, up stairs or deown, smokin' or talkin', he's off tew bed at ten o'clock, in the real old-fashioned style, fust havin' read the *Herald*, which he b'leves in.

I mite go on and tell yeu abeout the big green house, where Misteir Watts (no relashun of the psalms and hymns) has a mighty putty lot of flours, or of the watchman's rooms, where I love tew talk with a feller named Stackpol, who cum from New Hampshire, or the biler for stemin' heat inter pipes, fired up by George Runlett. All this is mighty interestin.'

But I like tew hav Mr. Buchanan send Edward deown arter me, and tew go up inter his offis, and talk. Sumtimes John Appleton, that used tew print the Portland *Argus*, will cum in, and sumtimes Mr. Browne, that prints the *Constitution*, but ginerally we has it tew ourselves, and any how we talks Charlestun.

As fur these 'vestigashuns, Mr. Buchanan snaps his eight fingers at 'em. He hain't given none ov his muney, and he don't care, and the fellers that ain't satisfied with their share may go tew Hallerfax fur all he cares, only he don't want his posterrity tew know how he's accused by people who want tew make him lose his gray hairs and adopt a wig, which wig principles he's ollers gone agin.

Nor he ain't no candidate. I know this, for he's show'd me a letter, all writ, for one of his Pennsylvany friends tew read tew the convention, fust thing. Don't menshun this, but it's so!

Next, yew'l say, who does he go in fur? Tew which I say, ses I, I dun no! But it ain't a man whose furst name's Steven and whose last name's Douglas! That's so! Now name yure best man—not to be President—but tew go in and win with. That's the talk.

Gin'ral Jo Lane's sort o' ahead, and a sosherable old chap he is, livin' away up fourteen pair ov stairs tew Brown's, at the end of a long entry, and mighty glad tew see you when you gits there. But this is a gittin' tew long fur Mr. Harper tew print, so I'll conclude, and wait till I rite agin. Luv tew all, 'speshally yew know who, but deon't say nothin'.

Your affexshunet nephew,
Benjamin Downing.

P.S.—Thar's a feller keeps a pesterin' me to claim for the time our company marched under Sargent Joel tew Madewaskur. He ses if we'll giv him half he'll git a big appropriation, and wants five dollars in advanse. What du yew say?

ANOTHER ESCAPE OF A BALLOONIST.

We are enabled, through the politeness of a Savannah correspondent, to publish the accompanying picture of the narrow escape of Mr. Cevor, the balloonist, who made an ascension at Savannah, Georgia, on 8th March. Mr. Cevor gave the following account of his voyage to the editor of the Savannah *Evening Express*:

Taking advantage of the slight lull in the wind, he ascended very rapidly from Armory Hall yard at *three* minutes after five o'clock, bearing away to the north-east, and gradually ascending, in the hope of meeting a current that would carry him more to the westward, until he had reached an elevation of about two miles and a half. The view from this point was grand in the extreme. Upon his right the vast ocean loomed away in the distance; while under him the forests, rivers, and marshes that mark the country were as distinct and as perfectly defined as the eye could desire, presenting a panorama more grand than the most vivid imagination can conceive of; while every object, however minute, was plainly seen. Finding that his course was gradually tending seaward, and feeling certain that he would fail to encounter a current which would carry him further into the land, he resolved upon descending, while there was a prospect of doing so in safety. The descent was gradual and easy, until he struck a current which threatened to carry him out to sea, when he discharged more gas from his balloon, and hastened his downward course. Remarking to his companion, Mr. Dalton, that they must go into the water, which he saw was inevitable, his friend replied, "For God's sake land in the woods, if you can;" for the first time since their start exhibiting any emotion whatever, having preserved a coolness and exhibited a nerve that but few men can boast of possessing.

He informed him that such a course would be certain death to both. Then changing positions—Mr. D. taking the *rim*, and Mr. Cevor descending into the car—the balloon quickly descended; and at *twenty minutes* after *five* o'clock struck the water of *Calaboga* Sound, *forty* miles distant from the city. The car was rapidly dragged through the water, the balloon surging and struggling to rise from this encumbrance; and for nearly an hour Mr. Cevor was immersed up to his breast, until at last he was drawn by the balloon to the land, near Hilton's Head. His descent had been attentively watched by Mr. George A. Savage, who hastened with his negroes to his assistance, and rescued him and his companion from their perilous position. While in the water, one of the valve-ropes became entangled, and the other broken; so that no means of controlling the balloon remained to them, and the combined efforts of Mr. Savage, his negroes, and the aeronauts were of no avail in attempting to hold the monster; and rudely breaking away from its captors, it darted aloft, like a projectile, and in one moment more was hurtling away, like the fierce wind upon whose pinions it was borne, careering in the freedom that was its own, and by which it was carried off, over the sea, away to the clouds, in regions where the eye could not penetrate, to the home of balloons alone. Dripping and cold, his wayward and volatile bearer gone, he was met with that unaffected and hearty welcome that a good and honest heart only knows how to offer, and conducted by Mr. Savage to his house.

ARREST AND RESCUE OF MR. SANBORN AT CONCORD, MASS.

We publish on the following page a picture of the strange scene which took place at Concord, Massachusetts, on the night of the 3d instant. Mr. Sanborn, of that town, had refused to obey the summons of the Senate Investigating Committee, and that body had dispatched the Sergeant-at-Arms or deputies after him. At 9 P.M. on 3d he was arrested in his own house, but was immediately rescued by his friends. He himself has published the following account of the affair:

"Concord, Mass., *April* 3, 1860,
11½ o'clock at night.

"*To the Citizens of Massachussetts:*

"I have to inform you that a cowardly assault was committed on me this evening, at about a quarter past nine o'clock, in my own house, by four or five persons claiming to have authority to arrest me. The facts are these:

"I came in from a call about nine o'clock, and was sitting in my slippers, at my desk, when a knocking called me to the door. I went down stairs, opened the door, when a small man entered and said, 'Does Mr. Sanborn live here?' 'That is my name, Sir,' said I, putting out my hand to welcome him. 'Here is a paper for you,' said he, handing me a folded one, which I took.

"At that moment a gray-haired, tall, and stout man entered the open door, and said, 'I arrest you, Mr. Sanborn.' 'By what authority?' said I, 'and what is your name?' He gave no name, but said, 'I am from the United States Marshal's office,' or something of that sort. 'What is your authority, your warrant?' repeated I. 'We have a warrant,' said some one, for by this time two more men appeared. 'Show it, read it,' said I. A small man, calling himself Freeman (afterward, for none would give their names), began to read a paper, but had got only through a few lines when the gray-haired ruffian took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and proceeded to put them on my wrists, I standing in my own house, without a hat or boots, only in slippers of cloth.

"A whistle was given, some men rushed in, none of them known to me, and carried me by force to the street, where stood a carriage with two horses. They lifted me from the ground and tried to put me in the carriage. I resisted with my feet, for my hands were fast in the manacles. They tried two or three times without success, breaking the carriage; but the horses started and they could not get me in. In the mean time my cries and those of my sister had called my neighbors from their homes, who surrounded the ruffians and prevented them from carrying me off.

"I stood in the street in my slippers half an hour, wearing the handcuffs, until Deputy Sheriff Moore took me by force from the ruffians' hands under a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by Judge Hoar. Their names, given after a long time, and reluctantly, were Silas Carleton, —— Coolidge, ——Tarleton, and —— Freeman. There were two or three others, whose names I have not learned.

"Fifteen minutes after I was handcuffed, standing in the street, Freeman read me a warrant, signed by Vice-President Breckinridge, for my arrest, with an indorsement from M'Nair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, authorizing Silas Carleton to seize me. How he did it I have said. People of Massachusetts, act as it seems to you best in the case. F. B. Sanborn."

The subject has since been taken up in the Legislature of Massachusetts, which sympathizes warmly with Mr. Sanborn; and the prisoner having been brought up on *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court, was promptly liberated.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

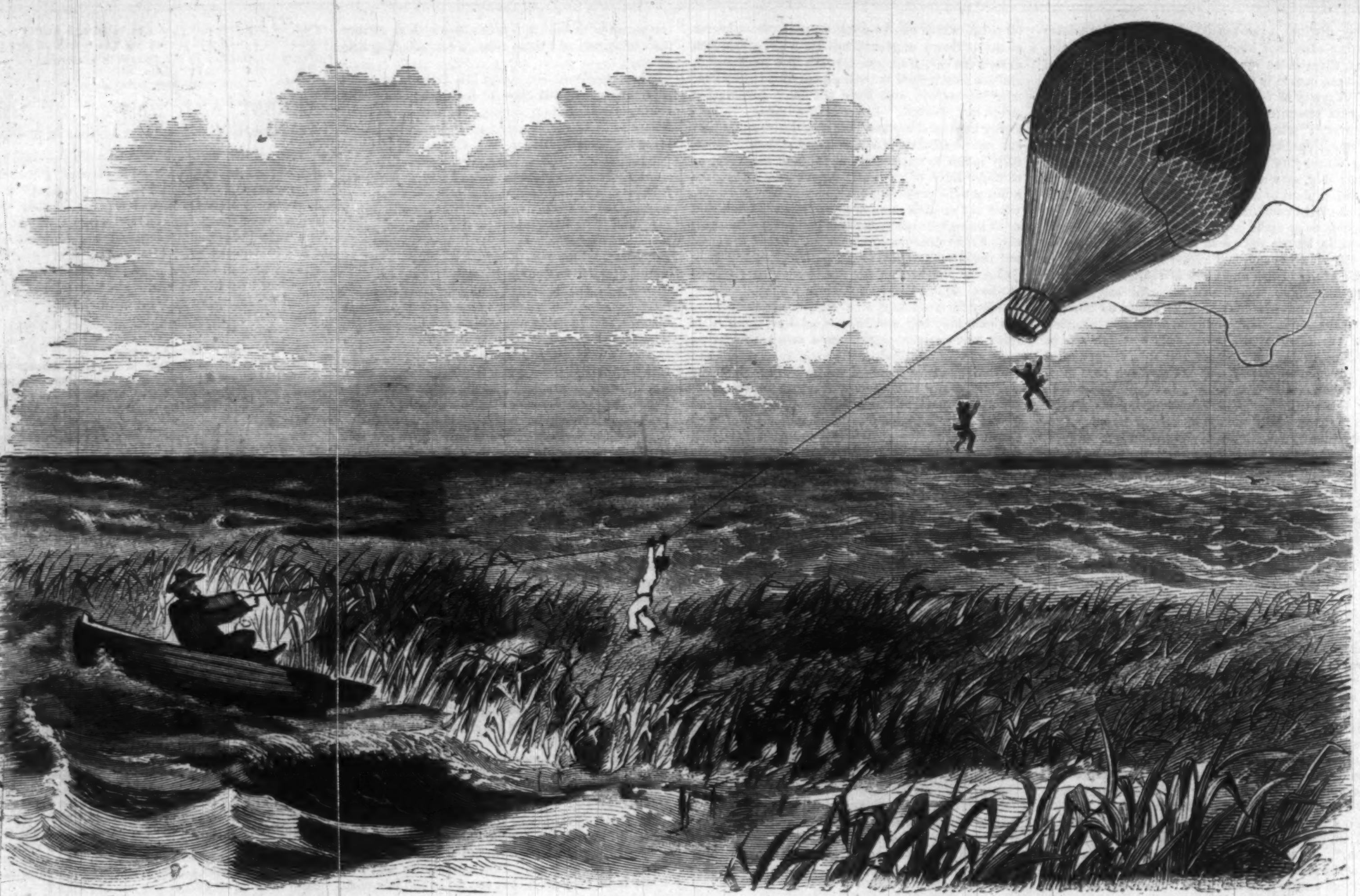
AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH CLINGHAM & CO. GET THEIR NEW PARTNER.

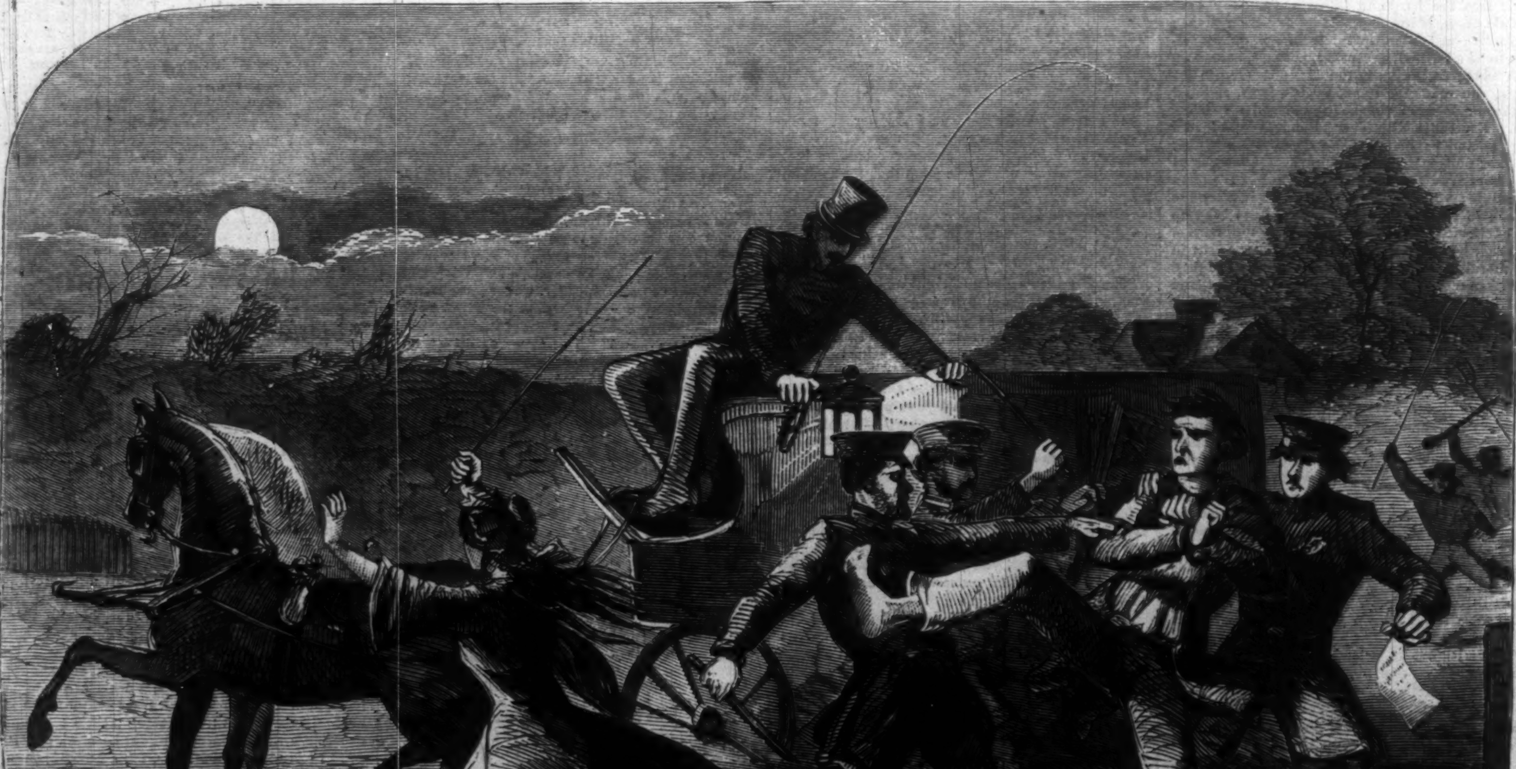
After John Manton had departed Nora waited with her forehead pressed against a pane of a window, which looked out upon the street, for more than a quarter of an hour, and until it became perfectly evident that her father was not intending to return without full information. Another season of solicitude, an hour long, she spent in attempting to read, and repeatedly finding the attempt vain, as time and again she shut the book and walked to the window. At last her solicitude became an agony, and she determined that she would not wait any longer, but would go forth to seek the partner; and if he had come, to throw herself at his feet and supplicate that, whatever might be disclosed, he would have mercy upon *one*, for a heart-broken, much loving woman's sake.

True, she did not believe Ernest had ever committed any fraud. That he was in the slightest connected with the difficulties in the Bank she had risen utterly above the unfaith of suspecting; but public opinion was against him, his own absence was against him, and, worst of all, the dead superintendent might have wronged him beyond hope of remedy by all sorts of false entries, interpolations, erasions upon the books which it was Ernest's province to keep, but which he, like all subordinate officers in such an institution, was far from having entirely under his own control. "Even now," said Nora to herself, "the partner is said to be here; at this very moment he may be examining records whose falsity there is no living tongue to witness, and in his thought accusing Ernest of the blackest crimes at their instigation. Deficits for which he was not to blame, peculations of which he was never guilty, all the venomous lies that distill from the tongue of ill rumor, may be charged to his account and treasured up



NARROW ESCAPE OF A BALLOONIST AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, MARCH, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY AMBROSE SPENCER, ESQ.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

for the day when he shall be confronted with them, an innocent but a defenseless man." Then the horrible picture which the mysteriously dead superintendent had drawn, of a doom to State Prison for life, came floating in more than its original vividness before her eyes, carrying more fearful solemnity and omen with it from the fact that the lips which painted it were at that time so unawares near their last utterance. She could bear it no longer. It never once came into her mind what other women would do under the circumstances. She acted now just according to her noble womanhood; its pure, uncorrupted instincts leading her into the commission of that which as, even under protest, I will not connive with a lying social



ARREST AND RESCUE OF FRANK B. SANBORN, ESQ., AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3, 1860.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

folly by calling it impropriety, I will coin a name for—she committed an *unusuality*.

She dressed herself for the street, therefore, and set forth, as I have said, to visit the partner. But before she left the house she unlocked one of the drawers of her bureau and took from its recesses a small morocco-covered box, which she wrapped carefully in several layers of paper and hid beneath her mantilla. She then thought and felt a prayer for help and success, too deep for audible utterance, and departed with it, rising out of her soul as she went.

John Potts's Tavern—the Eagle—being the house where, as its landlord was wont to say, every body that was any body stopped, and he cared for nobody else, Nora directed her steps thither. She rang at the private entrance and asked to see Mr. Potts. He heard the request, but only answered that there was no man of the name of Clingham in his house—no partner of any kind except his own wife, and he supposed she wouldn't do.

Nora turned away slowly from the door, wondering deeply within herself where she should go next, when a person whom she had never seen before—but whom we may recognize in bravo-dress, with a large protuberance in the commissariat department of his being, a venerable white beard, and a pair of dust goggles—approached from the pump in front of the tavern, where, during all her interview with John Potts, he had been attentively regarding the region of the milky way—bowed, and said, in a low tone,

"Did I understand the young lady to ask where she might find the partner who is here from Clingham & Co.?"

"I did ask that," said Nora, looking at the stranger with a gaze of surprise and search; "is he in town?"

"He is, Madame."

"And can you tell me where I may find him? You will confer a favor on me by doing so, if you have any right."

"The fact is this, Madame—the partner, being not as young as he once was, objects decidedly to fatigue; and as he knows that five of the six thousand estimable people who compose Cheswick would be in his bedchamber at this moment, did they but know where that honored locality lay, he therefore, from motives of prudence, has not yet put up the handbills saying where he is to be exhibited. I have the honor to be Monsieur Achille Bladaud, the illustrious partner's valet de chambre, and her ladyship's very humble servant." And M. Achille Bladaud abased his venerable beard until it hit the lower button of his waistcoat. Nora was about to turn away, thinking the man crazy, when he continued:

"Can Madame keep a secret? I doubt not that—yes! Let us go, then. If Madame preserve the silence and forgive the dark room where my poor venerable Mister must rest on account of the weak eyes, the rheumatique, the inability of to speak above the littlest voice for his malady of the throat—all can be arranged. Let us go! Pardon that I go before to show the way."

"I can do no better than to follow him," thought Nora. "It is yet early twilight, and he seems only a comical fellow who is not at all mischievous. It is perfectly natural, too, that the partner should not wish to receive all Cheswick, as he would have to do if it were known where he is. He is a very old man, it seems—God grant that he may be also a fatherly!"

Her voluble guide managed to get out of Cheswick Main Street without addressing any further remarks to her. He turned down a secluded side street, out of that into another, and finally, when Nora had begun to wonder whether all this were a plot or a serious jest, he stopped at a quiet and entirely unpretentious house of brick, that was once white, but needed sadly to be reminded of it by the painter, and opened the picket gate in front, saying,

"This is the place, Madame. Excuse the looks, I pray you."

Nora hesitated about entering.

"Frankly, Madame suspects the house? I do not marvel. But let me give a proof."

He threw open the front door, and on a large trunk, which he dragged out to the light for her inspection, was plainly painted, with a far from recent look, "Clingham—New York."

Nora summoned heart and passed in. There was no reason to suspect evil except her loneliness, and that gave her the right to ask a better protection than man's.

"Will Madame walk into the parlor one instant, while I mount on high to announce her to Monsieur?"

"Certainly."

He flung back the door of the room at their right hand and drew a fauteuil to the window, bowing Nora into it. After which he hurled himself up stairs in a manner very juvenile for a valet with so venerable a beard.

Nora had no time, even had she wished it, to prepare her overflowing heart for any set and formal speech. There was a sound overhead of rumbling and thumping, as of men putting things to rights in a hurry—and then Achille returned, saying,

"Would Madame ascend? Monsieur would gratify himself much of that honor."

With a spirit that cried to Heaven in inaudible agony for wisdom, help, fortitude to bear the best or worst, Nora followed the valet up to his master's room. It was twilight, as has been said, but a balmy summer one, so that the lamps were not lighted, and the air from without fanned gratefully in through the wide open windows, just perceptibly rustling the curtains. There could not have been a pleasanter room for an invalid as the poor partner who had come to settle Cheswick's troubles seemed to be. He sat in a large easy-chair, his feet resting on another, and a shawl thrown over them. His forehead rested on his hand, and as Nora came in and modestly bowed, with her sad, earnest blue eyes drooping toward the floor, he just inclined his head in a gentlemanly recognition, and said in a half whisper,

"Please be seated."

Then nodded and waved his hand to the faithful Achille to withdraw. As soon as he had obeyed the summons the partner bowed to Nora again to intimate his audience.

"Mr. Clingham," she began, with a painful trembling in her voice, "I am a young lady whose name would perhaps be familiar to you, if I should tell it; but the nature of my business with you makes it desirable, for the present at least, that I should not name myself. There is a request I have to make of you; may I make it in perfect confidence that neither it, nor any thing else I shall say to you, shall ever be communicated to another?"

"You may, Madam, with perfect security," he whispered.

"I wish to say, then, that I know, through no improper or unreliable sources, something of the reason why you are here. There have been great irregularities, perhaps crimes even, in your Banking House in this place. There are rumors abroad that all the officers of the Bank, save one"—Nora shuddered, and continued—"who is dead, strangely dead, are now in confinement on serious criminal charges."

The gentleman bowed and uttered, "True!"

"And to-day there came to my father's house a person in search of one other who has not yet been arrested, but who is wanted to answer to similar accusations." Nora's voice, which had hitherto been tremulous, now grew strong and clear.

"I come to you to speak of that one particularly. I have a deep interest in that man; yes, woman though I be, I owe it to you, if evil comes to him—I—I—"

Her voice choked again, and she could not complete her sentence. The old man buried his face in both hands and was visibly moved; his whole frame shaking like a leaf, in sympathy with the young girl's emotion. She governed herself, and went on calmly:

"The name of the young man is—Ernest—Beckford. The affairs of the Bank may be so complicated that he may seem to be involved. His enemies may have made his books tell lies. There was one who I do not believe loved him—though he is dead, I will mention his name—Mr. Green. Perhaps in his life *he* may have wronged him. Circumstances may look dark against him; but he *is*, oh, Mr. Clingham! he *is* as innocent as Heaven! And now, the request I have to make is this: If you have examined the books of the Bank, or if you shall, and find any deficiency that would fall to his account, let me plead with you, let me entreat you not to deal with him by law! I have brought you all I have—whether it is much or little I do not know, but it is all my mother left me." And Nora opened the little morocco box.

"Here is a gold watch—it is large and old-fashioned, but it is an excellent time-keeper. Here are two bracelets set with opals. And there is a pearl necklace here too, besides a pair of pearl ear-drops and several rings, one of them a diamond. I have been counting them up, and if I calculate right there are things here that are worth several hundred dollars. Now, I shall never wear them, and if you will not take them and save him *I shall hate them always!* Will they not partly pay the deficiency that may be on his books? If they will, *dear Sir!* forgive me for asking you to take them, and give him time to pay the rest. He *will* do it—he would work like a slave—work to the death to do it, though he is innocent. Oh, for the dear sake of our Father in heaven, be merciful like Him, and take them!"

As she said this she tried to put them into his hand, but he gently pushed them away. She thought he was refusing her prayer—for the shadow which, as night grew deeper, was creeping closer over all things hid him and the tears which were running through his fingers—and she threw herself upon her knees in the desperation of the one last entreaty:

"Oh, pity me! pity me!" she cried. "Are you a father—or if not that, haven't you some one, something to love—do you not at least love God?—and how could you bear it if He were torn out of the heavens and away from you? Have mercy—and that God, the God of an innocent man and of a broken-hearted girl, who will pray for you day and night, will bless you! *He* is innocent. Come whatever may upon his head, God is with him for evermore. The noble, the pure, the high-souled one; that knows baseness only as a strange distant name: that is the best, the truest, the most upright man who breathes! *Save him!* But save him or not, I also, with God, will cling to him forever."

"Amen! and as God liveth, not even death shall henceforth part thee and me."

"My God!" said Nora, "who spoke then?"

The partner, now standing up in his manly erectness, led her, all bewildered and pale as snow, to the faint starlight of the window. Was it that up through that sky, measureless in the bivouac of the hosts of God, the lights really burned gladder for the joy they shone on, or did Love give a miracle of clearness to the eyes of the soul? for there was light enough at that window for Nora to see that the partner into whose arms she fell was none other than—Ernest Beckford!

CHAPTER XIII.

Yet not of Ernest *Beckford*; for as will have already been discovered, the young man who, to detect the chief causes in the ruin which wickedness was bringing upon Cheswick Branch and its insnared junior officers, took this assumed name with the position of a subaltern, was truly the youngest partner of the name and house of Clingham. Save the other members of the firm none had known his secret, not even the ransomed and reformed little Filkins had been intrusted with it until his return from New York, for the last time, in the dramatic transformation of Achille Bladaud.

The affairs of the Bank were discovered to be in a truly terrible condition. The superintendent had used his position to issue forged paper to large amounts, for which the Bank was, at least, in honor liable to the widows and orphans who had received it, and, absurdly enough, honor and necessity were synonyms with the Messrs. Clingham. Which fact made the conscience of the house, though for a time only, better off than their ledgers. I am happy to say that in these crimes of Luke Green none of the subalterns were found to be involved very deeply. Todds, cashier, was the most so. To pay his gambling debts to Luke Green he had defalcated to the amount of $1500. His poor old father, the worthy butcher we have mentioned, paid this for him before any vigorous measures were taken, and, to save the excellent man's gray hairs from a sorrow-dug grave, the son was allowed to escape to Australia. Let us hope he does better at Geelong, where he follows the paternal trade, than he did here.

As for the rest, their errors amounted to nothing besides drunkenness, shameless carelessness, and irresponsibility. Luke Green had supplied them with money for their vices, gambling it back from them till they had no more, and taking their notes for the balance. The wallet which Ernest had seized by his hazardous but successful stroke at the punch-party was full of these, with other evidences of the superintendent's guilt. They were returned, with severe reprimands and a thorough fright, to the luckless victims who had given them; and they felt their punishment compensated by their profit, though they did have to be dispensed with by the Bank. May they too learn a lesson not to be a knave's fools!

Little Filkins was fortunately taken in hand soon enough to have an excellent man made of him. He is a blessing to the "fine mother and splendid sisters" of whom he is justly proud, as well as to another young woman, who finds him a great comfort on Sunday evenings, and shows symptoms of meaning before long to take him regularly. Though he has not gone into the Siamese Ointment business, he feels perfectly satisfied with his lot, being now the most estimable and responsible cashier of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch.

But we are leaving a very excellent gentleman in a very disagreeable place. The very same night that Nora visited the partner a writ of *habeas corpus* took Mr. Manton out of jail—Ernest explaining, what *he* could not in honor explain, that the change of children which had been made was after this wise. He himself was the son of Samuel Clingham, and the youngest of four of his own sex. Mr. Joseph Clingham, on the other hand—as the mother of Luke Green had said—was the father of an unvaried family of girls. When he, Ernest namely, was born to Samuel, and a girl, Nora by name, was given by Heaven to Joseph, the two brothers, for variety's sake, proposed an exchange. But Samuel Clingham and his wife felt a delicacy about having this fact known; they therefore employed their old friend John Manton to go to the secluded town of Hyde Park with their boy and make the transfer for them. Nurse Green met him there, and, as was intended, got the idea that the boy John Manton gave her was his own. The name of the girl whom he received from her struck him as a pretty one, and when, several years after, he had a daughter he named her Nora Clingham Manton. Which state of facts, together with an old woman's forgetfulness of the lapse of recent time, caused Luke Green's mother to make the mistake she did about the identity of John Manton's daughter. When, upon Ernest's appearance before herself and the coroner, she was fully aware of the phantasm and gilt lie she had persuaded her unprincipled son to chase to his death, she went home to Blinker's Court, and on the morrow was found to have followed him—dead in her bed—by poison, or nature and terror, I know not. The explanation just detailed, together with Turkle's and Filkins's affidavits as to the manner of Luke Green's decease, satisfied the ends of justice and Coroner Doldrum, if indeed that be not a repetition of the same idea; this worthy magistrate being, if any part of justice, the ends, and the very small ends at that. So Mr. Manton was restored to his house.

It was thought better, after all the troublous experience which these chapters have recited of engineering Cheswick Branch through uninterested subalterns, that a resident partner should take the superintendence. It was Ernest Beckford, now no longer Beckford but Clingham, in name as in truth, who was chosen to that place. And it was on the very first day of his presidency that he took into the firm

The New Partner in "Clingham & Co., Bankers"

—took her in with bride-cake and blushes—with the sweetest smiles of heaven and kisses of earth. Took her in to be really Nora *Clingham*—as she played she was in her Banking-room soliloquy, where Ernest first heard her dear voice—and John Manton had his draft honored, his coat repaired by getting a new one, and his head once more uplift among his equals. Took her in to unite the patent-safe and the human-heart sides of the Bank House in an indissoluble marriage; so that golden plenty should flow across to the family-part, and ruby love should hover like a winged flame over the head of the new president in his office, coming from the sweet wife to whom he should return when work was done. Took in the New Partner, finally, with great thanksgivings audible from the lips of each, and greater ones, inaudible, from the mingled soul of them both, to Him who had so opened their doors to his Angel-daughter Faith, that blessing them for their welcome, she made within them a dearer home for her sister Love, where both dwelt, twin angels, unshakably, eternally.

"All the life of the young man is but a pilgrimage from one sweet woman's breast to one other. From the bosom out of whose life he came, he goes voyaging wearily, painfully, and rest he hath none, until he comes to the bosom with whose life he is to be one for evermore."

Faith had sung, "Be sure that rest will come!" Love in silvery antistrophe answered back, "I have found it!"

THE END.

"AMEN! AND AS GOD LIVETH, NOT EVEN DEATH SHALL HENCEFORTH PART THEE AND ME."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

Premature Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and it has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

It is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of

Baldness.

Boston, November 24, 1850.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having, myself, any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obd't servant,
D. T. MERWIN.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

F. L. HEDENBERG & SONS,
No. 3 Bond Street,
near Broadway,

Revolving Refrigerators.

PARLOR, HALL, AND OFFICE STOVES, COOKING RANGES, HEDENBERG'S PORTABLE HEATERS AND FURNACES, HOT-AIR FURNACES FOR COAL AND WOOD, REGISTERS, VENTILATORS, ETC.

This Refrigerator is made in an octagon form, and is very ornamental as well as useful. The ice-chamber is situated at the top, occupying one half the area of the box, and about half its depth. The other half of the top of the box, to half the depth of the ice-chamber, is the milk and butter closet. It has a zinc bottom, and is entirely separate from other parts of the Refrigerator. Access is gained to this as well as the ice-chamber, by raising the top. Under the milk and butter is a wine-closet of the same size. The balance of the Refrigerator is in one general apartment, where all kinds of meat, poultry, fish, fruit, &c., &c., can be kept in a pure, healthy state. The shelves consist of wheels, which turn on an axis, bringing any article that may be desired in front of its respective door. They are well ventilated, use very little ice, and have three times as much shelf-room as any other refrigerator which takes the same space on the floor. Please call and see them, or send for circular giving full description. They can be shipped to any part of the country with safety.

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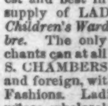

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